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The Outlook

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A POET'S PREDICTION OF THE FALL OF KAISERISM

The following poem, which a subscriber finds reprinted in the Toronto "Mail and Empire," was written by the well-known Scottish poet Charles Mackay in 1871 at the time when William I was proclaimed German Emperor. The fulfillment of its prophecy has been long delayed, but is now strikingly complete:

THE KAISER'S CROWN

(VERSAILLES, JANUARY 18, 1871)

The wind on the Thames blew icy breath,
The wind on the Seine blew fiery death,
The snow lay thick on tower and tree,
The streams ran black through wold and lea;
As I sat alone in London town
And dreamed a dream of the Kaiser's crown.

Holy William, that conqueror dread,
Placed it himself on his hoary head,
And sat on his throne with his nobles about,
And his captains raising the wild war-shout;
And asked himself, 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"Was ever a Kaiser so great as I?"

From every jewel, from every gem,
In that imperial diadem
There came a voice and a whisper clear—
I heard it, and I still can hear—
Which said, "O Kaiser great and strong,
God's sword is double-edged and long!"

"Aye," said the emeralds, flashing green—
"The fruit shall be what the seed has been—
His realm shall reap what his hosts have sown,
Debt and misery, tear and groan,
Pang and sob, and grief and shame,
And rapine and consuming flame!"

"Aye," said the rubies, glowing red—
"There comes new life from life-blood shed;
And though the Goth o'erride the Gaul,
Eternal justice rides o'er all!
Might may be Right for its own short day,
But Right is Might forever and aye!"

"Aye," said the diamonds, tongued with fire;
"Grief tracks the pathways of desire.
Our Kaiser, on whose head we glow,
Takes little heed of his people's woe,
Or the deep, deep thoughts in the people's brain
That burn and throb like healing pain.

"Thinks not that Germany, joyous now,
Cares naught for the crown upon his brow,
But much for the Freedom—wooed, not won—
That must be hers ere all is done,—
That gleams, and floats, and shines afar,
A glorious and approaching star!"

"Aye!" said they all, with one accord,
"He is the Kaiser, King, and Lord;
But kings are small, the people great;
And Freedom cometh, sure, though late—
A stronger than he shall cast him down!"
This was my dream of the Kaiser's crown.

Be not too late—SHAKSPERE

"Too Late!"

Sad words those—"*Too Late*"—for they always emphasize what *might* have been and *should* have been but *was* not—especially in life-insurance.

In March, 1915, a man living in Florida wrote to the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY for insurance-information, which was promptly forwarded.

As he did not reply, other letters, with printed matter, were sent suggesting that he protect his family by taking out a policy even though a small one. *He put it off.*

Finally, in October, 1918, the Company wrote him and inclosed an interesting booklet entitled: *"How much insurance ought I to carry?"* Then, after more than three years, an answer came—not from *him* but from his *wife*, who wrote:

"Your letters and your interest in my husband's insurance appreciated. He died one week ago from pneumonia—without insurance and leaving two children."

Like most husbands he doubtless intended to take out a policy, but like many careless ones, he put it off until *too late*.

It was too late to protect his family after he was dead, or even after he was *sick*. There was a time he could have done it quickly and at little cost, but he waited until *too late*.

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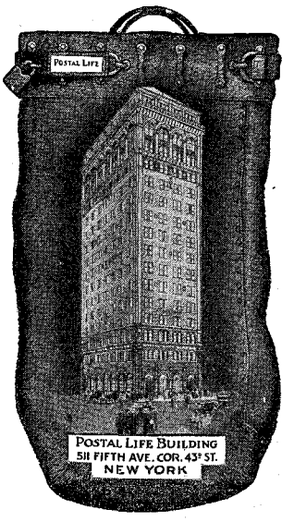

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IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

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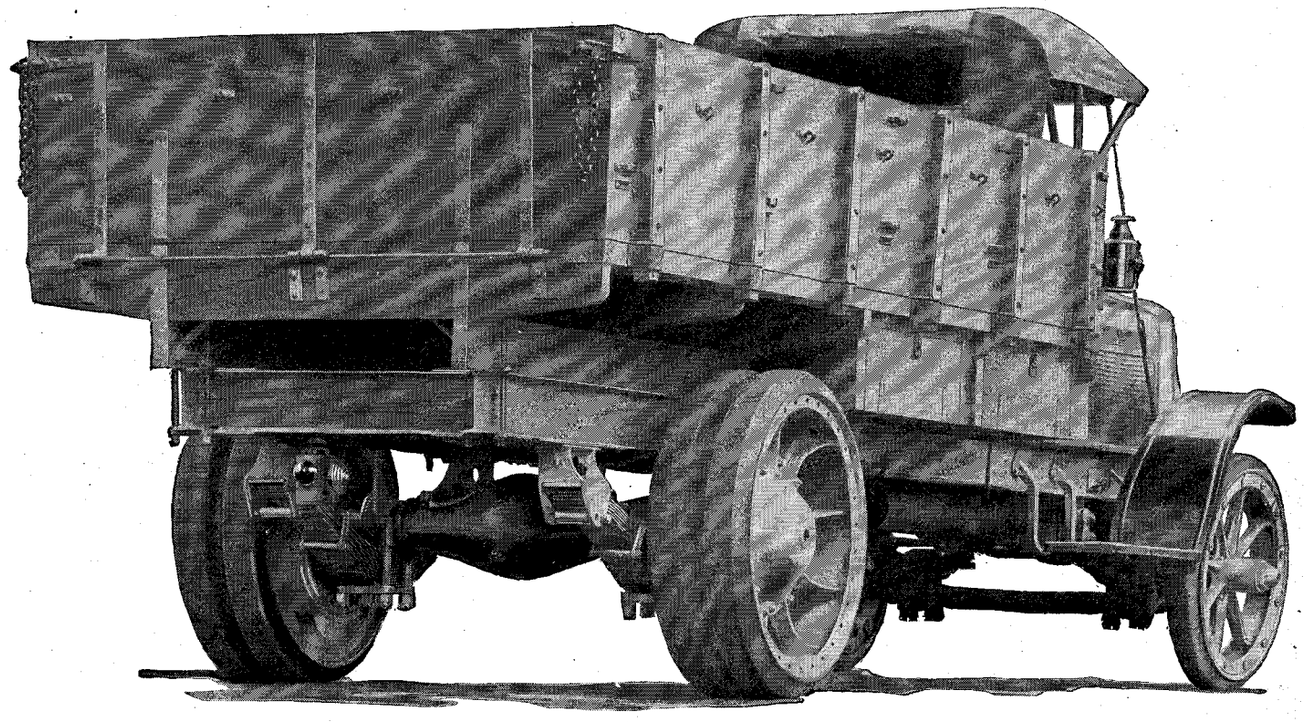

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The Outlook

JANUARY 1, 1919

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JAMES R. MANN

JAMES R. MANN, of Illinois, Republican, a member of Congress since 1903, is announced as candidate for Speaker of the House. If the National Republican Committee permits his candidacy to pass without a protest, and if his Republican colleagues elect him, the Republican party will deserve defeat in 1920 and will lose every bit of the moral and patriotic character which it gained in the recent Congressional elections. This is strong language. Is it justified?

During 1915 and 1916 Mr. Mann opposed in every possible way the effective participation of this country in the war. But even if in every other respect his record had been as correct as Cæsar declared his wife's conduct should be, there is just one speech which he made on the floor of Congress in 1916 which should subject him to the everlasting indignation of every genuine American. On March 6, 1916, he contemptuously implied that the American women and children who were murdered on the Lusitania were "joy riders."

Supporting the McLemore Resolution which called upon the President to warn Americans not to travel on merchant ships which were prepared to defend themselves against the piratical submarines, he said that he was in favor of keeping out of war if possible, and uttered these memorable words:

> I hope that our citizens may be so advised that we shall never be put to the test whether we have to fight because some fool had entered upon a joy ride or voyage. (Page 4130 "Congressional Record," March 6, 1916.)

This was worse in taste, although not in principle, than a similar utterance of William Randolph Hearst in the New York "American" of June 6, 1916. Mr. Hearst said:

> Whether it [the Lusitania] was armed or not, it was properly a spoil of war subject to attack and destruction under the accepted rules of so-called civilized warfare.

The names of Mr. Mann and Mr. Hearst ought to be bracketed together in the "lest-we-forget" calendar of every red-blooded American.

There is a current and striking story of a captured Prussian officer who was under the care of an American officer at the western front. The Prussian expressed his astonishment at learning that there were two million American soldiers on French soil and asked, in wonderment, "What ships brought them?" The American officer replied: "One ship brought them—the Lusitania!"

The Lusitania test is one that may justly be applied to all American public men. Judged by this test, neither Mr. Hearst nor Mr. Mann is fit to welcome our American soldiers on their return home, or to lead American citizens in the political reconstruction of the world so that there shall be no more Lusitania murders.

ZONE POSTAGE

The Second-Class Postage Law under which periodicals and newspapers now pay postage to the Government according to specific zones has proved to be thoroughly unpopular among the readers of the country, as we supposed it would. Over seven hundred different organizations in various parts of the United States, such as chambers of commerce, boards of trade, religious organizations, farmers' associations, have adopted and forwarded resolutions in favor of an immediate repeal of this law. The Outlook opposed the zone plan, and still opposes it, on the ground that it promotes sectionalism, and this opinion seems to be growing. One of the best indications of popular antagonism to the law is found in the fact that the Finance Committee of the Senate has added an amendment to the War Revenue Bill (which is now under consideration) repealing the zone system of second-class postage rate and substituting a rate of one cent a pound within one hundred and fifty miles of the office of the publication of a periodical or newspaper, and one and one-half cents beyond that radius. This is a flat rate which applies to the reading matter and advertising pages alike. Under the present law the reading-matter pages of a periodical are subject to one rate of postage and the advertising pages to another.

On December 19, by a vote of 34 to 22, the Senate approved the amendment to the War Revenue Bill which would abolish the zone system of postage. Thirteen Democrats and twenty-one Republicans voted for it, and fifteen Democrats and seven Republicans voted against it.

The War Revenue Bill as a whole passed the Senate on December 23, and is now before the Conference Committee of the two houses. It is reported that Chairman Kitchin, of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, has stated that his Committee will allow no bill to go before the House for a vote which provides for the repeal of the zone system of second-class postage.

We do not believe the country at large approves of this individualistic way of settling social and political questions. It is the members of the House as a whole, as the Constitution provides, and not any one individual Congressman, who ought to discuss and vote upon such measures. It would be helpful to the readers as well as to the publishers of newspapers and periodicals if the voters of the country who favor the repeal of the zone system would write to the Congressmen of their districts urging, if not the repeal, at least an open reconsideration of the matter. Secret lawmaking is as out of place as secret diplomacy.

THE NEW WAR AGAINST CHILD LABOR

The United States Senate has passed by the substantial majority of 50 to 12 an amendment to the Revenue Bill which is aimed at the abuse of children forced to labor at too early an age or under wrong conditions. The amendment puts an additional tax of ten per cent on the net profits of all industrial concerns throughout the country which produce goods tainted by child labor contrary to very moderate restrictions. These restrictions are those included in the Child Labor Law which was pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, and they have been printed in these columns repeatedly.

This is the opening gun in the new war. If the lower house concurs in this legislation, far the most formidable effort yet undertaken will go into effect in a National and universal way. As we have already pointed out, the first National attempt was to utilize the power of Congress over inter-State traffic to check the evil.

This effort failed because the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. Then came an attempt to pass a law as a war measure. The end of the war made that effort futile. Now the attempt is to call into action the taxing power of the Government. The principle that taxing can be used for other purposes than revenue, provided it is laid universally and fairly as regards the States, has been established beyond question in many decisions of the Supreme Court. Effort to cope with the child labor evil by State legislation is easily obstructed, and is partial at the best. The evil is a National

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one and must be dealt with by National legislation and its enforcement.

SHALL WE SINK THE GERMAN WARSHIPS?

An unauthenticated newspaper despatch, which we believe is really a bit of backstairs gossip, states that some of the American delegates to the Peace Conference have suggested the sinking of the surrendered German warships as a proper and expedient way of getting rid of them. We cannot believe that anybody in authority has made such a proposal. Nevertheless we are very glad that Senator Lodge has brought the matter up on the floor of the Senate and has denounced the idea. It is true that there are perhaps some complications involved in the final disposition of the great fleet of modern ships of war which composed the German navy, and which Germany has so abjectly surrendered. These ships are now riding at anchor in British harbors. Under the old and barbaric principle that "to the victors belong the spoils" doubtless some individuals have made selfish claims for these ships, and other individuals have with equal selfishness feared that some nation will get a battleship or a torpedo boat or two that will give it advantage over some other nation. This, of course, assumes that we are going right on with the old idea of big navies and masses of soldiers, that we are still to be governed by the principle that everybody must be armed to the teeth.

If there is anything at all in the idea of a League of Nations and of the peaceful settlement of international disputes, why do the German captured ships have to be preserved as engines of war? We do not think they should be so preserved, but they do not need to be ruthlessly sunk simply for the sake of getting rid of the bore and annoyance of discussing them. Two or three things could be done with them.

They could be dismantled and the materials used in some kind of reconstruction work.

If it is not too much of a visionary dream to talk about an international police force, they might be held and form the nucleus of that police force.

Some of them certainly, as has been suggested by a woman reader of The Outlook, might be made over into hospital ships. Without a very enormous expense a modern battleship could be made into a very good floating hotel for convalescent wounded soldiers.

Some of them could be employed to train boys and men for the growing merchant service of the world.

What nation should get these ships to use in peace or other constructive work is not so complicated a question as it may seem. What force was it that put these German ships out of the war? The British navy. Ought not Great Britain, therefore, to have the chief voice in determining their final disposal?

COMRADES OF THE MIST

Sir David Beatty, British Admiral of the Grand Fleet, made a fine, bluff, sailor-like, and hearty farewell address to the American naval officers and men about to return to America. "You will not forget," he said, "your Comrades of the Mist." There is romance in the phrase, but there is also in it the thrill of joint sturdiness, hardship, constant danger, and splendid service.

The Sixth Battle Squadron was the official designation of our part of the North Sea Fleet, and by that name Admiral Beatty thanked his American comrades for the great part they had played "in bringing about the greatest naval victory in history." "Come back soon," he cried in good-by.

The one disappointment of British and Americans was that the German fleet did not come out. Sir David described the impressive scene of the surrender as "a pitiful day to see those great ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold without an effort on anybody's part."

There was manly sincerity in the British Admiral's farewell words:

> The support you have shown is that of true comradeship, and in time of stress that is worth a very great deal. . . . During the last twelve months you have been with us we have learned to know each other well. We have learned to respect each other. I want you to take back a message to the Atlantic Fleet that you have left a warm place in the hearts of the Grand Fleet which cannot be filled until you come back or send another squadron to represent you. You have given us a sample of the Atlantic Fleet which, I think, the Atlantic Fleet, efficient as it is, will find it hard to reproduce.

PREPARING FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Only vague glimpses may as yet be had of what is going on behind the curtain soon to be raised for the Peace Conference. It is certain that an informal exchange of views is going on between the representatives of the Allies, and that the stage of tentative suggestions is well under way. After the holidays and after President Wilson returns to Paris from his visit to England a clearer view of the situation may be had.

One direct statement has been made by President Wilson. He contradicted a newspaper statement by saying: "I am, as every one knows, not only in favor of a League of Nations, but believe the formation of such a League absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of peace. But the particular plan of the League to Enforce Peace I have never directly or indirectly indorsed." And in his finely expressed address before the University of Paris, which conferred upon him the doctor's degree, President Wilson said:

> My conception of the League of Nations is just this—that it shall operate as the organized moral force of men throughout the world, and that whenever or wherever wrong and aggression are planned or contemplated this searching light of conscience will be turned upon them, and men everywhere will ask, "What are the purposes that you hold in your heart against the fortunes of the world?"
>
> Just a little exposure will settle most questions. If the Central Powers had dared to discuss the purposes of this war for a single fortnight, it never would have happened; and if, as should be, they were forced to discuss it for a year, the war would have been inconceivable.

France and England have honored our President with more than official courtesy. That he is expected to be an influence for justice and the advance of civilization is certain. That was a generous and earnest tribute paid to him by the London "Times" on the eve of his visit to England:

> His frank rectitude of purpose, his courageous plainness of speech, the swift, resolute transition of purpose into action, such qualities as these have shown him to be a man after the British heart. We honor him not less but more because he is credited with a tenacity which will not abandon a purpose once formed on account of threatened opposition, although it be we who are opposing it.
>
> The whole British nation is persuaded of the crystal purity of his intentions and his deep, chivalrous regard for humanity. He is a man, and Britain knows a man when it sees him.

GERMANY'S POLITICAL KALEIDOSCOPE

New parties and new combinations appear almost daily in Germany. For instance, we are told of a "People's League" which contains such lovers of the people and haters of Imperialism as Bernstorff, who served the Kaiser in America; Erzberger, of the Catholic Centrist party; Prince Max of Baden, the Kaiser's Chancellor; and Dr. Solf, who was put into the Foreign Office by the old régime. A forecast of the National Assembly, "to be called some time before March," counts up eight separate parties, including five varieties of Socialists.

At present the Ebert and Scheidemann influence seems still in the ascendant, and a Soldiers and Workmen's Executive Committee of twenty-seven is said to be composed entirely of Majority Socialists. The army as a body seems to be quite under control and accepts Hindenburg's

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orders with stolid obedience. No one, for instance, seems to object to Hindenburg's plans for establishing a strong military line of defense several miles in depth just beyond the "neutral zone" between the German land occupied by the Allies and the rest of Germany.

No one outside Germany can object to slowness in the working out of the political problem in Germany. But one still looks with some doubtfulness for evidence of a true, ardent effort for democracy and self-government.

THE NEW RED CROSS

The original and main effort of the American Red Cross was to alleviate the suffering of war. Then, years ago, an addition to the field was made to include great public calamities such as the San Francisco earthquake. Now, with the close of the fighting, its stupendous machinery and personnel built up in war time is not to cease to aid humanity. Permanent work of reconstruction and preparation is announced. Never again, it is hoped, will the country be so unprepared for a great epidemic as it was this year. Preventable disease destroys life almost as sweepingly as war—75,000 persons died from the influenza epidemic. Town and country district nursing is to be one Red Cross effort, so that remote districts as well as crowded city streets may be protected. And this is only one of many plans by which the Red Cross will aid in public health, education, and civic relief. Meanwhile for months, and perhaps years, its relief and reconstruction work in the ravaged and famine-stricken districts abroad will continue.

The "Christmas Roll Call" of the Red Cross is not complete as we write. It would be astonishing if the 1918 membership of twenty-two millions should be repeated now that the fighting is ended. Ten millions would be gigantic. Yet as we write, with the results uncomputed, the estimate is nearer twenty than ten millions. The "drive" has appealed to the country on the side of feeling and efficiency rather than sentimentalism and display. The motto, "Join; you only need a heart and a dollar," and President Wilson's "I summon you to the comradeship" have been the watchwords.

JOSEPH H. TWICHELL

Seven years ago, when Dr. Twichell, who died on December 20, at the age of eighty, retired from the pastorate of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford, after a pastorate of forty-five years, memorable even more for its ability and kindliness than for its length, The Outlook described him as one whose dominant interest had not been theological but practical, as a man of broad sympathies, generous impulses, and abounding vitality, whose pulpit stood for simple speaking, brotherliness, and practical service.

"Joe Twichell," as Mark Twain and others loved to call him, was not only a preacher, but a sportsman; not only a good citizen, but a charming friend and delightful companion. In his undergraduate days at Yale he was stroke oar of a famous crew, and he and every other member of that crew enlisted in the Civil War, Dr. Twichell serving as chaplain of the Seventy-first New York Regiment. He was always a lover of fishing and mountain climbing, and to this day old guides in the Adirondacks speak of him with affection. We remember with special pleasure an article from Dr. Twichell's pen printed in The Outlook in the summer of 1900, which told of "Dr. Horace Bushnell in the Woods"—an aspect of the famous theologian little known.

Few men had more or warmer friends than Dr. Twichell. He mingled with his fellows as a comrade and his good nature and humor were contagious. It is generally understood that he was the "Harris" of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad;" certainly he accompanied Mark Twain on that famous trip.

WALTER HINES PAGE

The news of the death of Walter Hines Page, recently American Ambassador to England, which occurred last week at Pinehurst, North Carolina, was received with sorrow not only by the diplomatic corps and Government officials, but by American journalists and men of letters everywhere.

Mr. Page was born in North Carolina in 1855, and after completing his university education, like many Americans of note, began his work as a newspaper reporter. His gifts and ability led him fast along the paths of his profession. He became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and finally one of the partners and founders of the publishing firm of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. In that firm he not only displayed his fine literary taste and judgment, but established a monthly magazine, the "World's Work," one of the best of the reviews of current social, political, and industrial life. About five years ago, without any previous experience in Government official life, he was selected by President Wilson as our Ambassador to England. In this difficult post he succeeded from the first. His rare knowledge of men, his intimate acquaintance with the literary and political history of the English-speaking peoples, and his familiarity with all the currents of American life and thought, proved to be the best possible training for his new position. His course during the great war, especially in the difficult days of our neutrality, was a highly efficient and useful one. Indeed, his loyalty and devotion to his work broke down his health, and he returned to this country only a few weeks ago a broken man, but a man who must have had the consciousness of a hard and important task happily and ably performed. His death means not only a personal loss to his friends, but a very real loss to his country.

JOFFRE AN ACADEMICIAN

"It is not I; it is the *poilu*." So, on December 19, 1918, at the French Academy, spoke Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre, Marshal of France. He had just been made an Academician and had delivered the discourse expected of every new member, closing with these words:

> France must remain in the future the guardian of the liberty of peoples. The virtues which she has shown during this war have secured for her the imperishable title to this right, and experience has shown that her prosperity is a pledge to the tranquillity of the world.

As is the custom, an Academician replied to the oration. This time the honor fell on Jean Richepin, the poet and playwright. When M. Richepin referred to Marshal Joffre as the victor of the Marne, the Marshal arose and said: "It is not I; it is the *poilu*."

All eyes turned, the despatches inform us, to a blind soldier who was standing at salute in the front row of the balcony. The soldier stood at rigid attention while loud cheers, led by President Wilson, resounded through the hall.

Everything seemed to conspire to make the occasion notable. Even the sun broke through the clouds as the Marshal appeared. The function was dignified by the presence of Presidents Poincaré and Wilson. General Joffre wore the undress uniform of a Marshal of France, having demurred at wearing an Academician's elaborately embroidered costume. "It is as a Marshal of France that I enter the Academy," he said, "and it is dressed as such that I shall present myself there."

The Marshal delivered his inaugural speech, so we learn, in a deep, resonant voice which completely filled the chamber in which the ceremony took place. His tribute to America was in part as follows:

> It is not without deep emotion that I look back upon the time which I spent last year in the United States. . . . In the midst of the American crowds I lived hours which I number among the sweetest of my life. . . .
>
> History does not record a more marvelous achievement than that of millions of men voluntarily breaking away from their peaceful pursuits to cross the seas, where lurked death; to come thousands

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of miles from their country and give up their lives for a noble cause, a great ideal. And as if the sacrifice was not completed by sending the husbands and sons, we have seen the wives and daughters, the fathers and the mothers, escorting across the seas that phalanx of warriors to alleviate our sufferings and dress our wounds.

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

An appeal has been made by the women of France to the women of the civilized world which must find a ready response and indorsement from the women and also from the men of America. This appeal has been taken up by an American Committee on the Protection of Women under International Law, and the first of a series of public meetings to enforce it was held in Plymouth Church on Sunday night, November 10. The resolutions adopted by this meeting, based upon the appeal of the women of France, recite the fact that there is overwhelming evidence that in the world war the armies of the Central European Powers have been permitted and encouraged to commit, and officers and men *en masse* have actually and persistently committed, every form of sexual offense against the women of every country they have entered, offenses which are recognized as crimes under the laws of war, under the laws of peace, under the common law of nations, under the municipal law of every civilized nation, and under the Hague Conventions. The resolutions demand the trial before an international tribunal of every officer, soldier, or civilian who shall be accused, whether as principal or accomplice, of any such offense, and his punishment on conviction as an infamous criminal. They also demand that all women so injured by a despicable enemy be regarded, not as shamed, but as wounded in war, and that this just estimate find expression, not only by public sentiment, but also by some official declaration on behalf of the Allies.

The Committee which has this matter in charge desires to present at the Peace Congress a petition supporting these resolutions signed by a million women. For this purpose all names should be forwarded by January 30 to Mrs. William C. Beecher, Eagle Building, fourth floor, Brooklyn, New York. Undoubtedly Mrs. Beecher or Mrs. Hamilton Ormsbee, Chairman of the Publicity Committee, will furnish necessary information to any of our readers who may wish to organize meetings in support of this appeal. We venture to add that it seems to us that ministers might well lay this matter before the women's organizations in their various churches, and through them secure the active co-operation of the Christian churches of all denominations.

HOW A SMALL TOWN PLANNED ITS SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

The Army is going home. Every camp is sending its soldiers forth, and every ship that sails West is loaded down with them; for the desire to honor them is largely concerned with an effort to give them fitting welcome back to the old home places. But when this is done there will come the question of memorials, of something enduring and inspiring. And many a community is asking itself what form this memorial will take.

There are many in America who are neither snobs nor æsthetes who realize that previous periods have not always answered this question satisfactorily. Some of the memorials seem to have been bought by the cubic yard. Indeed, in one Pennsylvania town they tell the story of the remark of a public official that bears out the cubic-yard theory. They were unveiling a monument to the men of the community who shared in the Spanish War. It was a small but worthy memorial and its Victory with the laurel wreath was evidently not carved with a hatchet. But when the flags had fallen away this official looked at it with disgust and disappointment. "Eighteen thousand dollars for that! Why the G. A. R. monument in the circle only cost two thousand more, and it's three times as big!" But most people do not look at things in that way, and in consequence they are demanding more than size in the memorials that will be erected to commemorate the men and deeds we are now acclaiming.

The borough of Catasauqua is a community of eight thousand people in the Lehigh Valley, in Pennsylvania. It is a manufacturing town, making steel and cement. Unlike many such towns, it is neither dirty nor squalid, and it has a vast amount of that same quality, that makes for other things than dividends, known as public spirit. For instance, it set a goal for the Fourth Liberty Loan of a million dollars, and it reached it. Of course the reason for public spirit is always to be found in a group of men who have it themselves and who lead the rest to have it also. Catasauqua has such a group.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING

A town meeting was called to consider what form the memorial to the sons of Catasauqua who served in the war should take. The meeting hall was crowded, and no New England town meeting was ever more representative. Bankers and ironworkers, preachers and puddlers from the furnaces, cement burners and laborers, mingled with women who had rolled bandages for the Red Cross and thought of sons across the seas. The question was propounded for discussion: "Shall we have a monument or a memorial house which will be a real community center?" and the memorial house won by a majority so large that the votes for the monument were not even counted.

This is the plan they will follow. Every man, woman, and child in the community is asked to become a share-holder in the Memorial Society by making a subscription of one, two, three, four, or five cents weekly for a period of five years. With this they will build a house costing in the neighborhood of $125,000, containing an auditorium, recreation-rooms, gymnasium, and swimming pool. There will also be a room for permanent records of the war with a bronze tablet containing the roster of soldier sons. It will be managed by a Board of Governors chosen by the subscribers, and the property will be held by a Board of Trustees chosen for life. It is proposed to make it the center of the community life in every way. The auditorium will have gatherings where every public question may be discussed. Here also on Thanksgiving Day or on other National occasions the churches of the community will gather for united worship. Catasauqua was founded by Welsh ironworkers, and the Welsh love of music has not died from the hearts of their descendants, so that it would be strange if an *eisteddfod* were not occasionally held there. Lecture courses of all sorts have a place in the plan. The gymnasium will afford facilities for dances of a better type than those found in the usual dance-halls. But most of all it will be a place peculiarly for the soldier who comes back, where he can gather with his comrades and recount the tale that America will never tire of hearing — of Château Thierry and the Argonne. This place will be his, erected in his honor, and because it is his and because he and his comrades are naturally going to lead the community in the coming years, just as his grandfather did after he came from the Civil War, so more and more the community life will center about the Memorial House.

Catasauqua might have inflicted another monstrosity on the world, but instead it has given it a breeding-place for a better and more intelligent democracy. And what better memorial could there be for the men who made the world safe for democracy?

BOYS TALKING LATIN IN NEW YORK CITY

Boys talking Latin! That is startling enough. But boys talking Latin in New York City, of all places in the world the most un-Latin-like!

Yet so it was on December 20 in the hall of the Anderson Galleries, at Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. Fifty-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Lunt in the Bystander (London)

BROUGHT TO BOOK!

Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland)

THE FALL OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

Democracy: "Who opposes ME, I crush!" *(From a speech by William II, ex-Kaiser.)*

Moreland in the Passing Show (London)

AS YOU WERE!

First M. P.: "Well, I suppose we shall have a lot of old women in the House after the election?"

Second Ditto: "Oh, I dunno—I don't expect many more than we've had in the past!"

A PAGE OF FOREIGN CARTOONS

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ninth Street is not a dignified thoroughfare, reminding one of his preconceived idea of a Roman street. Quite the contrary; it is noisy, narrow, dusty. An omnipresent trolley car is generally trying to run one down. The street is full of all sorts and conditions of men, women, children, and dogs.

Out of this hurly-burly one turns the corner into stately Park Avenue and in a moment may find himself in a palace on the corner. Here it was where the boys in question gave a Latin play. Nothing could more instantly transport one into Roman times. As the pupils were the players, so the play cleverly represented a Roman school. There were no desks, only benches; no books, only rolls of parchment; no American clothes, only Roman togas.

Thus arrayed, the boys appeared carrying candles, for in ancient Rome children got up before daylight to go to school. Then the sun rose suddenly (it had to, because it meant the turning of an electric key!), the boys blew out their candles, and settled themselves to their tasks.

One heard about those tasks in the first and second declensions and in the indicative mood. This was as far as the lads had progressed in their Latin. They had been taught about Perseus and Andromeda and had to recite the narrative to their teacher. It was delightful to hear their shrill voices and occasional Yankee intonation as they declaimed. To the man who had studied Latin long ago, either here or in England, with the old-fashioned English accent, or on the Continent with its more sonorous Italian sounds, the "v" was sometimes a stumbling-block as, for instance, when one of the boys defiantly shouted that, in very truth, "Perseus erat *wir!*"

What was even more alluring, especially to some small boys in the front row of the audience, was to see their brothers doing other things than merely talk. There was a staged "free fight," for instance; the pupils ate apples and stuck out their tongues at the teacher and whacked each other over the head and a boy suddenly screamed and broke up the class when another boy stuck a pin in him. And then they laughed. In Latin? Yes, somehow it seemed as if all this apparently spontaneous acting were in Latin. The best of it was that the man in the audience who had not forgotten all about his Latin actually found himself *thinking* in it.

Is not this the way to study a language? Mr. Clement Lawrence Smith, the boys' head master, shows the way. Because of this direct method the lads in his school declare Latin the subject they like best. They look forward to their annual play as nothing extraneous to daily study, but part of it. Rhyming verse had been introduced here and there so as to make the vocabulary easier to learn. One could see that the play, taken out of actual class work, gave enthusiasm for the study of Latin. It has introduced joy into what most boys have thought a drudge. And these were twelve-year-olders too!

WHAT SCIENTISTS THINK ABOUT THE CLASSICS

One reason why Latin has been rather pooh-poohed is not only because it is dubbed drudgery, but because of the mediocre results from its study. But there should be no mediocre results. How any one can approach the tongues and literatures of the old Greeks and Romans with anything but enthusiasm passes comprehension; and yet there are people who do so approach this study. The past, they claim, has little to teach us, for we are twentieth-century Americans. What have we to do with bygone times and methods? The only thing that we need, they add, is a brand-new culture of our own.

This, of course, is a ridiculous standpoint, and yet William II asserted it in an address eight years ago when he declared:

> We must educate young Germans and not young Greeks and Romans. We must depart from the basis which has stood for centuries, the old monastic education of the Middle Ages, in which Latin was the standard, and a little Greek.

If nothing else, the issue of the war has taught us that the Emperor was wrong in this as in some other assumptions. They have been sent to the rear by the French, whose Minister of Public Instruction proclaimed three years ago:

> Classical culture should remain the object of our ardent study, even if it were only for the reason that it has transmitted to French thought the greater part of the great ideas for which we are now fighting.

In our opinion, the most notable tribute to the value of the study of Latin and Greek has come from scientists, men like Dr. Herty, ex-President of the American Chemical Society; Mr. Stillwell, ex-President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; and Mr. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Company.

The fundamental process in education is a severely vigorous training of the mind. These men recognize that such training may best be found in the study of Latin and Greek. To follow them in scientific careers their sons must have, above all, clear, precise, and thorough comprehension. Hence such fathers have chosen for their sons classical courses, so that before any particular scientific training is attempted a general foundation may be laid in that which most disciplines the mind. One of these men said the other day: "I know that in so doing my boy will be outdistanced before he is thirty by the lad who began by the practically technical training for his particular job, but I know that when my boy gets into the thirties and from then on he will be far ahead of the other man, for it is the undisciplined mind which generally has been beaten."

A year ago, at Princeton, under Dean West's energetic leadership, a conference on classical studies was held. It was a forerunner of the American Classical League, now being promoted by Dr. West, to improve and extend classical education.

Nor is it without significance that, as to our colleges, the one election to membership at the annual meeting on December 15 of the American Academy of Arts and Letters should have resulted in the selection of Paul Storey, Professor of Greek at the University of Chicago. As to our schools, the past autumn's enrollment shows a gain both for Greek and Latin. The New York boys who have just given a Latin play believe that these languages are *living*. And the war has shown that the old literatures are living too.

THE WAR ZONE IN ART

At the New York Public Library there is an exhibition worth seeing. It describes the war zone in terms of etching, wood-engraving, lithography, old and new.

Here one may visit Antwerp with Dürer, who sketched the city's water-front in the middle of the sixteenth century; or a hundred years later with Hollar, who depicted the conclusion of peace between Spain and the Netherlands as enacted in the market-place (1648); or one may jump to the nineteenth-century plates of the city by the Belgians Leys and Veerhaert, or by the Frenchmen Lalanne and Latenay, or by "that most summary of etchers," Jongkind, or by our own Samuel Colman.

Then there is Bruges with its "Belfry" by Haig, the well-known English etcher of churches and cathedrals.

Then to Dixmude and Ghent with the contemporary Brangwyn, to Malines (Mechlin) with Marten van der Loo, to Tournai with Ernest George and back to Tervaeren with Chauvel. Then along the Meuse with Storm van 's Gravesande and across into France and along the Doubs with Brunet-Debaines, along the Marne and Oise with Daubigny, and along the Somme with Legros.

As to places in France, Paris naturally stands prominent, and in it Notre Dame, which few artists can resist—certainly not Callot and Rochebrune and Toussaint and Simon, and, above all, Meryon.

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Hamerton once wrote: "Meryon is one of the greatest and most original artists who have appeared in Europe; he is one of the immortals; his name will be inscribed on the noble roll where Dürer and Rembrandt live forever." Rheims Cathedral, too, is present, exterior and interior, as seen by Plowman, Randolph, and others. Amiens Cathedral is also to be seen as etched by Fonce and as lithographed by Harding. Then come Château Thierry and Pierrefonds and Chaumont and many other places.

There is a pleasantly wide diversity in the pictures exhibited—diversity in locality, in choice of subject, and especially in that individual view-point which forms the very essence of art.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL

In 1910 a republic was proclaimed in Portugal. Since then, though the President of the Republic is elected by Parliament with a mandate for four years, death and revolution have given no less than four Presidents to Portugal.

The fourth was Senhor Sidonio Paes, chosen last April and recently assassinated. Parliament has now elected his successor, the fifth President, namely, Admiral Canto e Castro.

The new President is fifty-five years old. He was born in Lisbon and comes of an old Azores family. He became head of a sailors' school at Oporto, and in 1894 was made Governor of Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese East Africa. During the war he has commanded the Portuguese Naval Patrol and Coast Defense, becoming Minister of Marine last September.

The connection of Portugal with the war calls attention to the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty. At the war's outbreak this ally of England for six centuries declared that, faithful to her treaty obligations, she would aid England's allies whenever called upon. She was bound by treaty to supply troops if Great Britain demanded them. Britain made no demand for them, but early in 1916 urged Portugal to requisition certain German ships interned in Portuguese waters. Accordingly the Portuguese Government took possession of forty-four Austrian and German merchantmen. Germany demanded the restoration of the ships, and upon Portugal's refusal declared war (March 9).

It is interesting to note that ex-King Manoel formally commanded his supporters not to embarrass the Republic in making war on the side of the Entente Allies. The Portuguese Government was thereby saved from immediate peril.

Yet other things have tended to weaken the Government—the discontent among bigoted Conservatives and Monarchists occasioned by Portugal's participation in the war, despite Manoel's proclamation; the subtle German propaganda with its bribery and sedition; the constant clerical agitation due to the Republic's drastic separation of Church and State; the traitors, ambitious for more power, in the Government's own household; and, above all, the lack of food and the hard times. That the Republic has been able to keep going indicates inherent democratic instincts in the Portuguese people.

A SOUTH AMERICAN ALSACE-LORRAINE?

The old Peru-Chile dispute has broken out afresh. A Peruvian consul has left Chile and Chilean consuls are ready to leave Peru.

The trouble arose when nitrate was discovered in South America. At that time Bolivia had a maritime province in the nitrate region. Bolivia laid an export duty on the saltpeter made from these nitrates.

As some of these deposits affected Chilean citizens and companies, Chile protested against the impost. Peru decided to make a Government monopoly of her nitrate deposits. Chile had invested vast amounts of money in the Bolivian and Peruvian nitrate fields, and objected. She finally invaded their territories, and there followed a four years' war (1879-83). Chile won. The treaty of peace gave to Chile the whole Bolivian coast and also the right of control of Arica and Tacna, the two Peruvian provinces to the north, for ten years, at the end of which time their future disposition was to be left to a vote of the people, and a special protocol was to describe the manner in which the vote should be carried out. When the decade was ended, no vote was taken, Chile and Peru failing to agree on the protocol. Nor have they agreed since.

The present issue, alleged to have been precipitated by Peru, may have had two motives, one its influence on the Peruvian elections and the other to force the justice of the claims of Peru upon the attention of the Peace Conference at Versailles.

Before and during the war Chile was more of a center of German influence than were most South American countries. After the United States entered the war both Bolivia and Peru broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. This may prejudice us more in favor of Peru and Bolivia than the case deserves. There is doubtless something to be said on both sides of the controversy. But under any circumstances it would seem a pity that out of the provinces of Arica and Tacna an Alsace-Lorraine should be created in South America. It is reported, we hope correctly, that our Government has tendered its good offices to aid in a peaceful settlement of the dispute.

1919

THE Tuesday following the official proclamation of the armistice a procession of several thousand Boy Scouts, most of them in their teens, marched down Fifth Avenue. Their heads were erect, their eyes front, their faces set, their tread firm. They were well equipped with bands and banners, but of all the banners the most significant was one evidently extemporized for the occasion, a piece of white cloth on which was painted in black letters the motto: "The war is done; but our duty is not done." If not the creation of the boys, it was their adoption and interpreted their spirit and their purpose.

"Our duty is not done." No! It is hardly begun. War has simply given us a chance to do it. War has destroyed the autocracies of Central Europe. But war has not established and cannot establish democracy in their place. The anarchy which possesses Russia threatens Germany and Austria-Hungary. The conflagration may easily spread to Italy and France. Some brands of the same burning have been scattered in America. To extinguish the flames and rebuild a new social order out of the ruins of the old is the first duty of 1919. While the political leaders of the democratic Powers are studying at Versailles how to rebuild Central Europe, it behooves Americans to turn their thoughts to the same problems on this continent. The war is done; but our duty is not done. The earthquake which has brought down in irretrievable ruin the political and social institutions of Europe has shaken, though it has not shattered, ours.

For Americans have shown their love of liberty, not only by the money they have freely offered, not only by the service they have freely rendered, not only by inspiring their sons to offer their lives in its defense; also, they have surrendered their liberties for the hour that they might save liberty to the world for all time. They have allowed the Government to determine on what conditions they might travel, what fuel they might buy, what food they had better eat, what wages they must pay, what limits they should put upon their speech, their press, and even their correspondence. The old conditions of their life the people have freely laid aside for the last two years. And it is the people who must decide what shall be the conditions of the new life which lies before them. They will not be those of 1918. They can hardly be identical with those of 1913.

Liberty, equality, fraternity, are the motives of democracy. We have much to do before liberty, equality, and fraternity will be realized ideals in the ordered liberty of American life. Now is our

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opportunity. And our opportunity is our duty.

Liberty, equality, and fraternity are established in our religious institutions. Men may worship God according to their own conscience, or not worship at all if they choose. Religious worship is free in America, as it was in the ancient ideals of the Hebrew commonwealth. Bishops, priests, and people are equal before the law. The priest or the preacher may have all the influence he can acquire; but power? No! And that the churches fairly well recognize the truth, "One is your Father which is in heaven, and all ye are brethren," is illustrated by their recent union in the one great drive for the seven religious and philanthropic organizations engaged in humanitarian work in the war.

The spirit of liberty, equality, fraternity is embodied in our religious institutions, but we have yet much to do in order to embody it adequately in our educational systems. There are considerable areas of our country and considerable sections of our population where the provision for schooling is so inadequate as to be almost negligible. Teachers are the poorest-paid class of brain-workers in the country. Young men find more hope for their ambitions in medicine, law, engineering, commerce, the ministry, the press, than in teaching. Our education is far too little a preparation for life, far too much a preparation for a scholarship remote from life. Not wisdom but learning is too often made the object of instruction. Too often, not education but instruction is made the object of schooling. We have ignored the classical motto, "A sound mind in a sound body." Schools instruct the intellect, but are only beginning to think it a part of the teacher's duty to train the body; and the proposal to put our boys and girls in camp for systematic physical and moral discipline frightens conservatives as well as pacifists.

Professor Huxley has told us that education includes not only the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, including men and their ways as well as things and their forces, but also the training of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. This training of the affections and the will is generally left to the pleasure of the teacher, and sometimes is discouraged, if not forbidden, by the school authorities. If America is to be safe for democracy, and democracy is to be safe for America, we must make it our National ambition to build a school system under which every child will have a fair opportunity to obtain such a physical, intellectual, and moral training as will fit him to be a self-supporting and self-governing citizen of the Republic. There is much to do before we shall approach the realization of that ideal.

If there must be a wisely directed evolution of education before it is adequate for a democracy, there must be a wisely guided revolution before our present autocratic system of organized industry will tally with a democratic system of government.

What do liberty, equality, and fraternity applied to industry imply? At least this: Industrial liberty implies that every man, according to his ability, should have a chance to share in the world's industry; industrial equality, that, still according to his ability, he should have some part in the profit of the world's industry; industrial fraternity, that he should be something more than a piece of directed machinery or a "hand," that he should have, still according to his ability, some share in the direction of the world's industry.

To-day in America neither liberty, equality, nor fraternity is assured to the workingman. There are always hundreds of willing workers out of employment; always thousands whose employment is precarious; and at times thousands who have no employment. The problem of the unemployed is, in our present industrial system, one of the most perplexing problems of the social student and the industrial worker. The worker rarely has any share in the profits of the undertaking unless it is secured by either a voluntary or an enforced rise in wages. And he has no share in the direction of the industry, and not often is his counsel asked or regarded as acceptable if it is offered. The demand for the recognition of the Union is generally a demand for some share in the control of at least those conditions of the labor which most immediately concern the health and happiness of the laborer.

Mr. Lincoln has put this claim of the worker with his accustomed clearness:

> Free labor argues that as the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should co-operate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands. As each man has one mouth to be fed and one pair of hands to furnish food, it was probably intended that that particular pair of hands should feed that particular mouth —that each head is the natural guardian, director, and protector of the hands and mouth inseparably connected with it; and, that being so, every head should be cultivated and improved by whatever will add to its capacity for performing its charge. In one word, free labor insists on universal education.

And industrial education means ultimately some share by the educated workman both in the direction and in the profits of his industry.

Industrial liberty, equality, and fraternity does not mean the substitution of the rule of the working class for that of the capitalist class. Class rule is class rule, however the ruling class is composed.

Nor does industrial equality mean equal wages for unequal workers. It means to every man according to his ability, not according to the ability of his neighbor.

We are not here attempting to solve the labor problem or the educational problem or the religious problem. We are only attempting to indicate to our readers three of the problems toward which Americans must turn their minds if they wish to contribute their share toward making their country a truly democratic country and the year 1919 a prosperous New Year for themselves and their fellow-countrymen.

HAVE WE A LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

SENATOR KNOX, of Pennsylvania, and Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, have made able speeches on the floor of the Senate critically discussing the proposal to form a League of Nations. As we understand it, they both urge that the consideration of the formation of a League of Nations should be deferred until after the Peace Treaty is signed. They contend that the creation of a League is not germane to the Peace Conference and should not be a part of the Peace Treaty.

In making these speeches Mr. Knox and Mr. Lodge are not only availing themselves of their privileges as Senators but they are performing their duty as Senators. One of the provisions of the Constitution is that the Senate shall not only approve of treaties when they are drawn, but shall advise during the process of making a treaty. The Senate is not only to advise the President and diplomatic representatives of the Government, but the country itself. Those who attack Senators who honestly differ from the President and express their opinions on the floor of the Senate are attacking one of the Constitutional foundations of the country.

But while we are glad that the Senate is in this way discussing one of the greatest and most important questions that has ever come before the American people to decide, we do not share the point of view of Senators Knox and Lodge. They think that a League of Nations is not an essential part of the Peace Treaty. We think that the Peace Treaty cannot be made without a League of Nations. They think that the formation of the League should be deferred to the future. We think that the League exists now and that it is the duty of the Peace Conference to recognize its existence.

When the peace treaty is finally drawn

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and is, so far as America is concerned, submitted to the United States Senate for ratification, who will sign it? Will Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Clemenceau, Mr. Orlando, and Mr. Hara sign it as individuals, or will they sign it as representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan? If as representatives, it will be a pact of these five nations, and that pact is a league. Would it not be the most natural thing in the world, and in harmony with all our analogies of social, business, and political life, if this pact should be recognized in the preamble of the treaty?

The League of Nations is so far from being a matter not pertinent or germane to the Peace Conference that it is a matter absolutely essential to the drafting and promulgation of the Treaty of Peace. We should like to see that Treaty begin in some such way as this:

> The undersigned nations, composing the peoples and Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States, having been associated in a compact for the prosecution of the war for liberty and democratic freedom against the military autocracy and despotism of Germany and her allies, having brought that war to a victorious conclusion and having laid down to the enemy the terms of surrender upon which an armistice was granted for the consideration of the final terms of peace, do now and thereby reassociate themselves in a League of Nations for the promulgation of the Treaty of Peace and for the establishment of the international relations of the world which is now entering upon a new era of civilization.

Some such preamble as this would at once give a League of Nations an official and actual standing in the world. One of the articles of the Treaty of Peace might very well deal with the method of perpetuating the League. We have already suggested that one way to do this would be for the League to appoint a Council which should meet later, perhaps at The Hague, after the Treaty of Peace is adopted, to consider and frame the detailed structure of the League and the expansion of its functions.

When the world was discussing the grave financial questions arising from our Civil War, and wondering how the United States could resume specie payment and what would become of all the complicated questions connected with paper money, Senator John Sherman settled the whole difficulty and cut what appeared to be a Gordian knot by uttering the memorable and historic words, "The way to resume is to resume."

So now the way to form a League of Nations is to recognize in the simplest and plainest and most common-sense manner the undeniable and unalterable fact that a League of Nations exists at this moment and is sitting in conference at Versailles.

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THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF GENIUS SLAIN

THE Happy Eremite was struck by the book's title, "The Rejected Voice," and he knitted his brows trying to puzzle out how under the canopy a voice could be "rejected." The sub-title did not serve to unravel the mystery—"A Song of Genius Slain." He turned to the title-page. There was the author's name, and under it this modest statement:

The Great Columbian Poem at Last has Appeared, and Mighty Song Once More is With Us.

"Well, well, well!" murmured the Happy Eremite.

He turned the title-page. "*Proem*," he read.

The composer of this Promethean book must pay with his life the prophet's debt to envy, and not while he lives will his song be accepted.

But by death will his lyre be only uplifted, and not all the false hearts under heaven can prevent the coming of the day when his now rejected works will everywhere be read.

Also has he completed an Indian epic poem whose lines exceed seven thousand.

Were this work placed before the public truly impartial, men no more would lament the decline of poetry, for here is the greatest song of love and war that ever was composed;

But in seeking a publisher he offers pearls in vain. . . .

By their prolonged rejection of the composer's song will the literary tribunals of his day ultimately be judged.

Well it is for Columbia the Great that the vigorous legions of the land resemble not at all the cults that live by the tongue and the pen.

The Happy Eremite laughed.

"Poor idiot!" he said to himself. "Poor, self-centered, infatuated idiot. But he'll get over it. He can't be over eighteen. Man's confidence that he is Prometheus reborn doesn't as a rule survive eighteen."

"*The composition of this book occupied a score of years.*"

There it was, hidden at the foot of a page opposite the "Exhortation" that began the poem.

"My God!" murmured the Happy Eremite. Ridicule died in his throat. "A score of years"! It was no boy, then, who had poured forth that "Proem" out of the incredible inflation of youth's calf-days, but a grown man of thirty-odd or forty. Not for a week or for a year of adolescence, but for the full period of man's prime, this snail had lived screwed into his tortuous shell believing himself the prince of poets and a prophet neglected only because of the stupidity and baseness of his generation—

> "for dwarfs condemn
> Prometheus for differing from them."

There it was. And again:

> "Seventy sad times and seven
> Have I trodden Gotham's streets,
> Highest singer under Heaven,
> Marching unto new defeats."

"Amazing, amazing!" murmured the Happy Eremite.

The book was the poet's elegy on himself and his eulogy of his own greatness, an incredible pæan of unfaltering self-assurance. The man called himself

> "The great protesting spirit of the age"

and devoted the hundred and seventy-seven nine-line stanzas of his poem to a glorification of his own genius and a shrill denunciation of the age which blindly refused to recognize his greatness. He denounced the plutocrats and all their minions, the courts, the universities,

> "For chancellors thereof bend cringing knees,"

the "codfish culture, prone to sniff and carp," even the labor organizations, where

> "cliques to fame unknown
> Form little oligarchies of their own."

He denounced again and again the literary cult which had conspired to crush him because

> "They hated him with mediocre phlegm,"

and he had his own opinion of the guardians of the peace:

> "Consider too how Gotham's stout police
> Oft wantonly their midnight truncheons wield."

The stage appeared to him utterly abominable:

> "Hallowed should be the histrionic art,
> For potent is that art for good or ill.
> Through eye and ear it enters in the heart,
> To cleanse or to corrupt. It should fulfill
> A mission always moral, while it still
> Enshrined the light-winged laugh. Its dreams should tend
> Not to obscure reality, but mend.
> How must we therefore grieve as now we trace
> To such a fount broad currents that debase."

Unquestionably the time was out of joint; unquestionably also the author of "The Rejected Voice" had been divinely appointed to set it right. Here, page after page, he railed at the blindness, the materialism, of men that would not permit them to acknowledge their savior.

To the Happy Eremite there was something hilariously funny about such impregnable, impenetrable conceit, and more that was unspeakably sad. For in these sixteen hundred lines he read the record of a life, to human vision, wasted in pursuit of a light that was not the light of a star at all, but of a tallow candle. The man had evidently read the immortals and imitated them, and, living in his twisted shell, deaf to the voice of criticism, had never come to understand that imitation had no more to do with creation than stenography. He had written verses that made a sound that in his ears was like the

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sound of Keats and Shelley and Tennyson; and he had jumped to the conclusion that he was therefore the peer of Keats and Shelley and Tennyson. He had adopted their diction, their words, their tricks of music, and, using them to clothe the demagoguery of the hour, had hypnotized himself into the belief that he was poet, prophet, and savior.

It was a psychological tragedy that this curious and foolish book presented, a tragedy of the ludicrous made poignant to the Happy Eremite by the fact that through all the rant and the bombast, the inane pretensions, the buncombe of woes unparalleled, appeared here and there a silver vein of poetry that all the dust the poet raised could not altogether obscure.

"Out of the cosmos with a cry he came"

had the true ring.

"Brother was he to men of scant estate"

was simple and real; and

"O vacant hearts, your best ye always slay"

had steam behind it. The man had skill with words:

"He was a prophet, so he warned in vain;
He was a seer, so hated was his eye;
He was a poet, so they mocked his pain;
He was a dreamer, so they let him die."

In his denunciation of the "scribes" he had a memorable couplet:

"For in the world whose livery they wear
Wealth is a hound, and poverty a hare."

Here and there were bits of pure imagination:

"Out of frost
He fashioned silver strings."

And this other:

"The heart hath strings
That stretch unto the stars,"

and these, which had a simple beauty wrung out of real pain:

"Well was his soul acquainted with the snow,
And knowledge of the hail his heart possessed."

The Happy Eremite closed the book with a sigh and began to pace up and down his study. "The pathos of it, the folly of it!" he murmured. "Twenty years!"

He walked to the window and stared into the wild thicket. "The thing would not tear at my vitals so," he said to himself, "if in my youth I had not been a fool occasionally myself. Except for the grace of God, a sense of humor, and wise friends, the spirit pinched between these covers might be myself."

THE CAMPS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

THE day the armistice was signed the camp was a wild place. It would have been strange if it had not been, for America was a wild land that day and given to excessive mirth. We were simply following the fashion of the ages in an hour of great relief. And the camp, being essentially a part of us, did just as the rest of us did in every city and village throughout the broad land.

Then came the reaction. It manifested itself first in a sense of intense and bitter disappointment. These men had left their homes and their careers at the country's mandate to perform a certain task. It was a task for which none of them had been specially fitted, a task wholly apart from the things they had planned to do when they began to think for themselves. Some of them had turned to it regretfully. But the most amazing thing that ever took place in America happened after they got into the camps and had begun to prepare for the task. I have lived among soldiers during the entire period of the war. I have talked to thousands of them about their personal opinions of the conflict, and I can most gratefully record the fact that the number of them who did not want to go overseas and take their full part in the struggle was so few as to be negligible. And they had not been changed by the infection of mob passion either, but by a sober realization that the thing they were doing was so high and holy that beside it a man's life counted as nothing. This had nerved them to high endeavor, had enabled them to go through daily the weary monotony of training, to endure the discomforts of camp life and the separation from the things they loved. The armistice meant that they would never be able to do the thing they wanted to do, the thing for which they had endured so much. And the realization of it fell like a cloud over them. There was at once a slump in morale. They became careless in the performance of the routine. And some—perhaps the ones who would have shown up most brilliantly in the day of battle—went a little further than being careless. They had not had the chance, for which they had longed with such devotion, to strike a blow at the hated thing. They were keenly and bitterly disappointed.

The second stage of the reaction manifested itself in a desire to get home and resume the life that had been laid aside to enter the Army. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should feel that way. The American has proved in this war his right to a place among the best soldiers in the world. But he is not naturally a soldier. He loathes some things in the camps. I have seen men, who but a few weeks before had directed large affairs, cheerfully peeling potatoes for the mess or picking up scraps of paper in the company streets, along with comrades whose view of life's horizons were limited an equal time before to the top of the ditch their shovels were making. And, rain-soaked or sweat-stained, they had hiked many a mile, singing as they went. They didn't like it; the other things, the things they did before, were the things they wanted to do; but they did these army things because the necessity was laid upon them, and they did them with a grin. One only had to yell at any company of them under any circumstances, "Are you downhearted?" to get the thundering answer, "No!" But just as soon as the necessity was lifted they were a unit in their desire to get away from it and back to the old place and the old job. The machinery of demobilization moves entirely too slowly for them, and they swear at it with all the fervid impatience they used to manifest when the overseas orders were a long while coming.

And while they wait their discharge they are manifesting a quickened interest in home problems. They instinctively sense the fact that they are going to be the leaders of the coming years, just as the men who wore the blue were the leaders of the generation after the sixties. They have strangely matured, many of them, during the months in camp. They are holding a bigger idea of country and its place in a man's life. Once they lived for the village or the city which was their home. They will live not less for that but more for America, the land to which they once surrendered their lives. They have come in contact with men from widely removed sections, and each has given the other the vision of the whole. I am thinking that the parochial Congressman who views his duty to his country as done when his two hands grab all that they can for his district is going to have a hard time rendering to these men an account of his stewardship. But other things have entered into this maturing process than what they have taught each other. The results of the campaign for idealism which has been conducted since the camps opened are showing themselves. The men who have gone from camp to camp repeating the insistent message that we had a country worth dying for, and showing why it was worth dying for, have sown seed whose harvest is now apparent. If it was worth dying for, it is also worth living for. And the men are quick in responding to the call for service in every way when they go back home. Last night there occurred a typical incident. A lecture was to be given at seven o'clock in the Recreation Hall on "The Tasks Remaining for the Men of America." A late train delayed the lecturer, and a seven-reel movie was put on for the thousand men who had assembled. It was nearly nine o'clock when the show was over, but not a man left his seat when the lecturer went on at that late hour to challenge them to civic tasks when they got home again. Can any one imagine such a thing two years ago? Many of the men who cheered that lecturer would

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then have said, "Oh hell! what's the old guy talking about?" and gone home. They are not the same men. Their cheers proved it.

The camps and the westering ships are sending back to the country a race of new idealists. They would laugh at you—if they did not swear at you—if you told them so. But they are ready to make the country greater in peace than they did in war.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

Camp Crane.

A TYPICAL MODERN[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE American Declaration of Independence in 1776 initiated a conflict between autocracy and democracy which culminated in the great World War. In this conflict the people have rejected in politics the authority of kings and aristocracies and have substituted the authority of public opinion, and with less unanimity they have rejected the authority of priests and presbyters and substituted the authority of the public conscience. The secret sources of such a stupendous change in the life of the world are better studied in the revealed life of one typical soul than in the political and theological changes in the State and in the Church. The life of Alphonse de Lamartine is such a life. The author of this biography is sympathetic but not uncritical; he portrays not only the public life of the statesman, but also the self-revealed life of the poet.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born in October, 1790. His family was "allied to the nobility by virtue of its name, and to the people by reason of modicity of fortune and simplicity of life." They dwelt "chiefly on their estates, among the peasants whose customs they shared, and their daily toil was not unsimilar to that of their lowly neighbors." They also shared their neighbors' political and religious opinions. Both were inheritances from the past, modified by the political and philosophical sentiments of the Encyclopédistes which were beginning to find their way gradually among the common people of France. Alphonse's mother in her childhood in Paris had felt the effect of the Parisian atmosphere, and her mother had been in active correspondence with Rousseau, though her admiration for his genius had not weakened her loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church. But the loyalty of Lamartine's parents to the traditional faith of the past, both political and religious, was such that, although the Revolution had abolished entail and decreed the division of family estates, Lamartine's father adhered to the old law and left the estate to his eldest brother; and he resigned his commission in the French army rather than take an oath which he regarded as inconsistent with loyalty to his King. The financial dependence of young Lamartine for the means necessary to his education, and, on the return of the Bourbons to France, for political influence, fortified his early conservative instincts. And his education at a Jesuit college, while it did little or nothing to strengthen his belief in the dogmas of the Church, did not produce any intellectual revolt against them and did develop his poetic and mystical tendencies.

> "Were I to live a thousand years," he exclaimed, "I could never forget certain evening hours when, escaping at recreation from the boys playing in the court, I entered by a little hidden door the darkening church, the choir barely lighted by the sanctuary lamps. Here I hid in the darkest shadow of a pillar; I wrapped myself closely in my cloak as in a shroud; I leaned my forehead on the cold marble balustrade, and for uncounted periods remained lost in silent but incessant adoration. I no longer felt the ground beneath me; I was immersed in God, as an atom, floating in the warmth of a summer day, rises, is drowned, loses itself in the atmosphere, and, transparent as ether, seems as ethereal as the air itself, as luminous as the light! This suave serenity of soul in which my pious impulses wrapped me never abandoned me during the four years I spent in finishing my studies."

But also they never weakened his love of liberty. "In spite of my continual felicity," he writes, "the love of liberty prevailed over these delights. I could not tear myself from still more enthralling dreams of life, of independence."

But a boy's education is not all derived from the teachers. The influence of his mates is sometimes more powerful, though not at the moment more apparent. Among Alphonse's comrades were three congenial friends—Aymon de Virieu, "a gentle skeptic;" Louis de Vignet, "who passed for impious; he considered himself so, but did not venture to proclaim it aloud;" and Guichard de Bienassis, who was a thorough convert to the new philosophy, and was throughout his life an apostle of the religion of humanity.

Thus there grew up in this boy's soul, as in the souls of so many of his contemporaries, the conflict between the religion of the emotions and the philosophy of the intellect. His varied life, the growing spirit of liberty in the nation, his own passion for liberty, his scientific and philosophical studies, his literary occupations and friendships, all tended to weaken the authority of the Church over his conscience, his opinions, his public and private life. He became an advocate of religious liberty, of the freedom of the press, of the emancipation of the schools from the control of the Church, of the entire separation of Church and State, and of the abolition of the Concordat between the Church and the State arranged by Napoleon I. He advocated the gradual abolition of slavery in the West Indies, a Congress of the Powers to exercise a collective protectorate over colonies, urged better care of and protection for foundlings and their mothers, proposed prison reforms, courageously opposed militarism which France had inherited from the career of the great Napoleon, demanded the building by the nation of good roads and contributed largely to them, foresaw the rise of the money power and warned France against it, and at the same time condemned communism. "If," said he, "God gave me a band of savages to civilize and to which to impart morality, the first institution I should insist upon would be property."

At the same time he began to contribute philosophical articles more than tinged with what the clerical authorities regarded as dangerous rationalism—and rightly, since they were dangerous to the ecclesiastical authority which reigned in the Church at that time. He meditated following these sporadic articles with a treatise, never written, concerning which he wrote to a friend, "Once my determination is taken, I shall go far."

That he did go far in his thinking is indicated by the fact that two of his books were put on the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Vatican. The time had gone by when he could be silenced or imperiled as Voltaire had been. But alike his literary productions and his political actions separated him from the political and theological ideas in which he had been educated. And when Louis Philippe's stubborn resistance to the public sentiment of the time aroused a revolution and Louis Philippe fled for his life to England, Lamartine, after meditation and with reluctance, became the practical head of a Provisional Government.

Yet all the time his religious faith remained unchanged, except as it was deepened and became more practical, and more spiritual as it became less dogmatic. To a friend he wrote: "I did not ask myself whether I believed, but whether I felt. Well, I *felt* God and religion, his language, in all nature." There were certainly times when this feeling completely dominated his spirit and determined his purpose. I am inclined to believe that even when it was not consciously realized it was still the controlling motive of his life. "I travail for God," he wrote to a friend, "and not for a miserable worm such as I am. I seek to discover the best road to bring men back to him, and to prevent their stumbling back to darkness. This is the whole secret of my so-called evolutions."

His critics have said that Lamartine is a pantheist. Certainly his pantheism is not unspiritual nor impersonal. The reader will find its spirit interpreted by

[1] The Life of Lamartine. By H. Remsen Whitehouse. Illustrated. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $10.

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the following stanzas from one of his religious hymns:

"Mysterious Spirit, unto whom
Is known my sad and earth-bound frame;
Thou whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a perfect flame,—

Give me the speed of bird or wind,
Or torrent rushing to the sea,
That, soaring upwards, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee.

Swifter than torrent, tempest, light,
I fly to my serene abode,
And on the last and holiest height
Find rest and joy and peace in God."

Certainly his religious faith was a conviction, not a mere superficial sentiment. It had *power*, such power that it gave him trust and confidence when at thirty years of age "death stared him in the face." "Although saddened by this fact," says his biographer, "Lamartine 'threw himself with loving confidence in the arms of the Almighty,' calm and resigned as to the fate Providence held in store." Later in his life this religious faith gave him courage to face a mob howling for his blood, and, unarmed, to conquer it. Louis Philippe had fled the country. The Reds, the Bolsheviki of that age, were striving by violence to break up the Council of law-abiding citizens who were endeavoring to form a Provisional Government.

Lamartine for the seventh time had been called to quell the ever-rising tide of revolt which beat against the very door of the council-chamber. His clothes torn and bedraggled, collarless, his face bathed in sweat and begrimed with smoke and dust, he staggered forth once more to face the howling mob which loudly accused him as a traitor. "Death to Lamartine!" shrieked the maddened fanatics. "Hang him on the nearest lamp-post!" "Don't listen to his specious cajoleries!" "His head! His head! Give us his head!" cried those nearest him, reaching out to seize their victim. Impassive despite the imminence of his peril, looking down from the steps upon the bloodthirsty ruffians, Lamartine calmly retorted: "My head, citizens! It is my head you want? Would to God you had it on your own shoulders at this moment! You would be more calm and wise, and the business of your revolution would be better done."

Shouts of boisterous laughter followed upon this happy speech. The very hands that had sought to deal the death-blow were now extended in friendly grasp.

There are those who hold that there can be no real and effective religious experience if it is not founded on a scientifically defined dogma. That there are in this scientific age many who cannot accept as truth what they cannot define is very certain; but the great majority of men and women feel no such necessity. They hope, they fear, they love, they hate, they reverence, they condemn, without the aid of a dictionary. And they are often more comforted in sorrow and strengthened in trial because their spiritual faith is not definite and cannot be defined.

I bring this sketch of the great Frenchman's life to a close with a significant paragraph of some length from his pen, because it shows how one may, and how many do, find a life which is more than any truth, and therefore transcends all defining:

Whatever the form which solitary reflection, the teachings of history, age, the vicissitudes of heart and mind, have given to the religious tendencies of a man's soul; whether he has clung to the letter of Christianity, to the dogma taught by his mother, or retains but a philosophical Christianity based on reason; whether to him Christ be a crucified God or he discern in him only the most holy of men, made divine through virtue, the incarnation of Supreme Truth, and dying to bear witness of his Father; whether Jesus be in his eyes the Son of God or the Son of man, Divinity made man, or humanity sanctified; to such a one Christianity nevertheless remains the creed of his memories, of his affections, and of his imagination; unless it has so evaporated in the turmoil of the century and of life that the soul into which it was instilled fails to preserve its original essence, and that the contemplation of the sites and tangible monuments of its original worships do not reawaken in him impressions and cause him to vibrate with solemn ecstasy. For the Christian or for the philosopher, for the moralist or for the historian, this sepulcher is the boundary which separates two worlds—the old and the new; it is the point of departure of an Idea which renovated the universe, of a civilization which transformed all, of a message which echoed over the globe: no stone here below has been the foundation of so vast an edifice; no grave has been so fruitful; no doctrine buried for three days or three centuries ever so victoriously demolished the rock man had sealed over it and gave the lie to Death in such brilliant and everlasting resurrection.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES[1]

V—ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE assemblage of Solons in Paris will doubtless first address themselves to drawing up a series of conventions and articles which will bring about the total cessation of hostilities. Presumably they will next lay down the boundaries and determine the status of the new members of the family of nations. In that process, however, they must face the relation of the newly created Powers to transportation by land and by sea. The troublous question of "Freedom of the Seas" will receive attention later in this series; but this is the place to take note of the fact that every nation on earth has or desires a sea frontage. It is understood that Poland is greatly taken with the idea of making a map of itself like that of the city of Los Angeles, a great interior region with a long and slender arm reaching down to tide-water. The Poles are supposed to have fixed their national affections on the port of Dantsic, which was Polish once upon a time, when it was the city of Dansk, inhabited by Poles. Perhaps Bohemia would like to make good the novelist's suggestion of a "Maritime Bohemia." The Hungarians also are dismayed by the loss of their Croatian bridge to the Adriatic; and the Croatians object strenuously to any Italian occupation of their outlets to the Adriatic.

Why do all the nations desire a footing on salt water? Because every port in the world is a terminal to the vast network of sea routes which in times of peace bind the world together. To be sure a nation may ship its products through other people's territory; but nobody likes to be dependent solely on the good will of his neighbors. One of the prime causes of the European war was the attempt to keep Serbia bottled up in the interior of the Balkans. The experience of Switzerland during the war shows how painful can be the situation of a very industrious population which must draw its food and ship its manufactures through the territory of one or another group of warring nations.

Peace must also open the way for trade-giving international trunk-line railways, such as the proposed route which is to burrow beneath the Straits of Gibraltar and then to string together the lands of western Africa. The old Berlin-to-Bagdad Railroad seems likely to undergo a reorganization and appear under a new management as a London-to-Bombay route, with tunnels under the Channel and the Bosphorus—which is quite a different story. Again, the French have in mind the piecing together of existing lines with some new links, so as to make a great international iron highway through north Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, the Ukraine, and Russia to the Caspian Sea. It cannot be long before English locomotives pierce the

[1] The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." The second (December 11 issue) was called "The Question of Small States." The third (December 18 issue) was called "Pains and Penalties Before the Congress of Nations." The fourth (December 25 issue) was called "Self-Determination and Assisted Determination of States." Two more articles will follow in consecutive series.—THE EDITORS.

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difficult mountains between their Burmese possessions and China. In a few years the traveler will be able to buy Cook's tickets and take through Pullmans from London to Cape Town, to Aden, to Hongkong, and to Peking. The Peace Congress will not build those routes, but will bring about a state of order and protection in which they can be built.

Both the sea routes and the intercontinental routes depend for their success on an enormous international trade which will be called into life by new means of transportation and will be kept up by very free exchanges. A peace which does not encourage and facilitate trade on a great scale will fail to make itself permanent. Of what use greater freedom of the sea or of the land if new obstacles be put in the way of shipping and of cargoes? An elementary principle of economics and commerce is that the cause of international trade is the ability of one country to produce something on more favorable terms than another country, and with those exports to buy imports which it could not so well produce. For instance, the Argentine and the Ukraine have the right sort of climate for wheat. It pays the people of these regions to raise and sell their wheat elsewhere. What can they take in exchange? Manifestly, what Europe can more easily make. There is also the question of raw materials which are producible only in favored parts of the world, such as iron ore, rubber, and cocoanuts. The country that imports them must pay for them with some kind of exports. Hence the world is intensely eager to know what will be the point of view of the Congress toward international trade.

President Wilson has urged the removal of barriers to international exchanges; but the Congress will be confronted by two serious obstacles to an unchecked current of persons and of goods; and questions of commerce will much affect the treaty of immediate peace and the chances of a world organization. The first disturbance is a desire to penalize Germany by boycotts or other limitations on her foreign trade; the second obstacle is the protection policy of various nations, and particularly of the United States. In this effort to regroup foreign commerce, as in most other conditions of the peace, Germany is in a weak position. She lies crushed as no other European country has been crushed since Napoleon overwhelmed the Prussians in 1806, smashed their country and "acquired" for the time being the bronze horses from the triumphal Brandenburg Gate at the end of Unter den Linden. Victorious Allied troops pen the Germans within their own boundaries, while some of the aforesaid victors stand sentry well inside Germany, so as to be sure that there is no mistake as to who is present master. Germany worships force, she set out to establish a régime of world force, and cannot fail to understand the situation of a world power which for the time being has no power in the world.

In addition, the Germans know perfectly well what they had made up their mind to exact from France and Great Britain and Italy and the United States, or all of them together, if the situation had been reversed. France would have bled coal and iron ore and vineyards and manufacturing cities, besides African and east Asiatic territory. Great Britain would have been despoiled of part of her merchant fleet, the Suez Canal, immense areas of tropical territory, and very likely Gibraltar. Without doubt the Germans would have rearranged the trade of the world for their immediate and future benefit. They have tried to throttle industrial rivals by systematically battering down factories in Belgium and northern France. They would have compelled the rest of the world to give specially advantageous trade in tropical products to Germany and her allies. Even the powerful United States, whether neutral or belligerent, would have been made to feel the strangle-hold of an arrogant and selfish trade policy. Nevertheless that is not a policy for the Allies to imitate, because it is one which in the long run does as much harm to the favored as to the restricted nations. Suppose Germany had been able to lay upon the Allies indemnities equal to the money cost of the war and as much more as could have been squeezed out. After "coughing up" their specie and their credits in other nations, the Allies could not have paid such indemnities in anything but their own natural products and manufactures. It would have been physically impossible for Germany to shut them off from raw materials and prohibit or limit their export to the Germanized parts of the world without stopping the flow of indemnity.

The industrial and commercial situation is just the same when the parties are reversed. We talk about levying on "the wealth of Germany," not realizing that most of the German accumulations of specie and goods and movable property have been swept away by the war; that the present "wealth" is chiefly the arable land, buildings and cities, roads, streets, and other public improvements, mines, mills and factories, shipyards, and ports which cannot be dug up and carried away to another country. The German bonds are only a transfer to a small part of the German population of power over a considerable part of the future earnings of a larger part. They are not available funds. The only present considerable cash asset of Germany is the two billion dollars of property and investments owned in the United States, South America, and elsewhere.

Hence the only security for indemnity is practically the real estate of Germany. It is legally possible to transfer outright ownership or mortgage interests to other countries. That process, however, would turn the Germans into land-tilling serfs and workmen paying a direct tribute to people of other nations. It might be good for the German soul to put it through the process which it designed for others; but it would be extremely disadvantageous to mankind, and particularly to the United States. We have not rid ourselves of human slavery and set out to improve the status of our own wage-earners in order to introduce methods of personal servitude into other countries. We have not complained of absentee landlordism in Ireland in order to introduce it on a great scale in Central Europe. Bondage means poverty. The United States, as a manufacturing and exporting Nation, wants customers who can buy something rather than debtors who cannot pay up. What the world should aim at is to give a fair opportunity to the Germans to restore themselves.

If peace had been made on an even keel, so to speak; if the four Central Powers with their commercial lean-tos of Russia, Rumania, and Serbia were still banded together, the result of the war would have been two world combinations, political and military and commercial, planning revenge upon each other, undermining each other, giving preferences to their own friends and discriminating against the other fellow. Providence, along with the Tommies and *poilus* and Alpini and Yanks and gallant Belgians, upset that programme. The completeness of the victory makes it possible to reorganize the world without creating a like combination of the Allies and the newly created states against Germany and German Austria, which are the only solid parts left from the former Teutonic combination.

The proof is irresistible that the Germans are amazingly deficient in diplomacy, in foreign policy, and in military methods, because they thought everybody else was a German and also that nobody else was a German. On one side they supposed that all the rest of the world really accepted the German doctrine of superforce and had no moral principles that stood in the way of conquest and autocracy. On the other hand, they felt sure that nobody could approach the Germans in organizing to fight and win a war for cherished national ideals. Nevertheless the Germans are undoubtedly efficient in agriculture, manufacture, and commerce. There is no reason for depriving the world of their industry and science and skill—provided certain necessary checks and guarantees are laid upon them. Measures must be taken to prevent their repeating the process of secret and dangerous absorption of capital and enterprises in other countries.

The United States must never again be caught napping by German promoters, investors, and grabbers who, we now know, have wriggled their way into the heart of American business, have become a formidable financial force in South America, and expected to own eventually a considerable part of the world. That danger can be avoided without denying them a reasonable use of raw materials from outside and a reasonable outlet for their manufactures; nor must the reconstruction be so arranged that all the profits are absorbed in interest and principal of indemnities; unless they have part of their profits to furnish capital for new enterprises there will be no profits for any one, for business cannot be done without the encouragement of profits; and we can have no market in Germany for our ex-

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ports unless they have some markets for exports outside their country. There is no need of the world loss which would result from forcing the Germans back on their own different lands. The Russians for centuries have tried that process on the Jews, who have been poor farmers, while their country was deprived of their commercial abilities. The result of the policy of the "Pale" was worse for the Russians than the Jews.

It is possible, though not likely, that the Allies will make up a general trade combination for all the world except the Germans and their Austrian kinsmen. Within the Allies are many cross-purposes. The great British colonies which have earned the right to participate in the Empire seem inclined to a system of trade preferences within that Empire. The United States has for nearly sixty years maintained a protective tariff, and the forces which favor still closer protection are mighty. The war has shown the ability of the United States to turn out prodigious exports under the stimulus of high prices and special Government organization. Within this country it is still uncertain whether the pressure decidedly to limit imports or the pressure largely to increase exports is the stronger.

If we are protectionists, we cannot deny to other countries the right to put a stumbling-block in the track of our trade. If we are in favor of a broad policy which will stimulate trade, we must still keep in mind the absolute necessity of keeping up our own manufactures of military materials and ships till the millennium or until a world court shall arrive. Certainly broad trade under some sort of general international understanding ought to remove some of the present tension between nations, and therefore to aid world peace. The United States must "either fish or cut bait." We must either come back within our own boundaries and try to live our own lives in isolation from the rest of the world or we must accept the conditions of participation in world affairs. We cannot at the same time keep up a Chinese war of tariffs and claim the right to share in the commercial policies and destinies of other nations.

SHALL WE HAVE A FREE PRESS?

BY CHARLES KERR

The author of this article is Judge Kerr, a jurist of the State of Kentucky. He therefore speaks upon this subject with Constitutional and judicial authority. He as well as our readers will, we believe, understand the natural gratification we feel in one particular sentence of the letter which accompanied the article. "If the country," said Judge Kerr, "is to be saved from some of the dangers which now impend, the press must take a bold and aggressive stand. Our safety lies in the course which The Outlook, one of the most fearless and best balanced of our American publications, has pursued."

It may be added that the Government itself apprehends the dangers of Governmental censorship. In a recent conversation with one of the editors of The Outlook, a member of the Cabinet in whose department press censorship has played a very large and important part remarked: "Ninety per cent of this censorship has been open to just criticism and has served no necessary end in itself, but ten per cent of it has been vital and essential to the winning of the war, and we had to endure the ninety per cent that was irksome in order to obtain the ten per cent that saved our lives." What the press and the public should insist upon is such schooling of our Government executives in wisdom and efficiency that the ninety per cent of useless, burdensome, and unjust censorship may be reduced to a minimum.—THE EDITORS.

FREEDOM of the press is not one of the written guarantees of the Constitution. Hamilton said it had no place in the organic law of a people, for the reason that no people could be free that denied its existence. Neither Magna Charta nor the English Bill of Rights guarantees freedom of speech except to members of Parliament, but the genius of the English Constitution lies in the fact that the existence of such a right would lose its force if its existence were made the subject of declaration. The English colonists in America brought with them the spirit of the English Constitution. The early state-builders in this country acclaimed freedom of speech to be the birthright of every freeman. Royal proclamation could not deny it; legislative enactment could not abridge it. As the press more and more became the vehicle of expression, its freedom came to be recognized as a right no less sacred than the right of free speech. Just how sacredly this right was regarded by the early colonists is illustrated by a noted trial which was held in the city of New York in the early part of the eighteenth century. At a time when the right of free expression has become a subject of grave concern reference to that epochal event may serve us in good stead even to-day.

The "Weekly Journal" was the second paper established in the city of New York. Its editor and proprietor was John Peter Zenger. In the year 1734 one Rip van Dam, as President of the Council, became interregnum Governor of the colony upon the resignation of the Acting Governor. After an interval of several months the newly appointed Governor, William Cosby, arrived from England. A dispute immediately arose between him and van Dam concerning a division of the salary and fees that had accumulated during the interregnum. Each made appeal to the courts. Cosby requested Chief Justice Morris to have his case tried in equity. This request was denied by the Chief Justice upon the ground that the Governor had no right to establish courts of equity, the power to establish courts being vested solely in the legislative branch of government. For this refusal the Chief Justice was promptly removed and one James de Lancey appointed in his stead.

These proceedings provoked Zenger to publish in the "Journal" a statement to the effect that the liberties of the people of New York were in a precarious condition, and that they and their children were likely to be brought into slavery if "some past things be not amended." For this indulgence Zenger was indicted for "being a seditious person and a frequent printer of false news and seditious libels, but more especially for traducing, scandalizing, and vilifying his Excellency William Cosby, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Province of New York." Arrest followed indictment, and Zenger was kept in jail, without trial, from November, 1734, until August, 1735.

At the outset of the trial counsel for the defense, James Alexander and William Smith, the two most noted lawyers in the Province, excepted to the commission of de Lancey upon the ground that he had been appointed "during pleasure" instead of "during good behavior." This so enraged the Chief Justice that he promptly disbarred both Alexander and Smith, and refused to permit them to participate in the trial on behalf of the imprisoned editor. Public opinion, which had quietly favored Zenger, took on a more turbulent aspect at what was deemed to be an arrogant assumption of power on the part of the Chief Justice and the sitting Justices, and as a result the immediate friends of Zenger employed Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and the most noted lawyer in all of the English colonies, to represent the defense. Under the adroit and skillful management of this astute lawyer, the trial of Zenger has become one of the most noted jury trials in America. His address to the jury, which was printed and circulated throughout the colonies and reprinted in England, contains many passages that are fully worthy of Burke or Erskine, Grattan or Fox. Measuring its effect by results, it may well be doubted if there is a single document extant that so much explains the growth of that sentiment which resulted in the independence of the colonies as the speech of Andrew Hamilton delivered in behalf of Zenger. So thoroughly did it take possession of the people of New York at the time, that the newly famed Hamilton was presented with a gold box and given the freedom of the city. Gouverneur Morris, a relative of the ousted Chief Justice, years later, in a notable address, referred to Hamilton as "the day star of the American Revolu-

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tion," and to the trial of Zenger as "the germ of American freedom."

Zenger obtained from twelve unknown and forgotten jurors the right of free and fair criticism. For two centuries, almost without impairment, that right has been recognized by all functions of government in this country. Hitherto no exigency has arisen that would sanction or even warrant its abridgment. But if the press of to-day be not held *in terrorem* by legislative intendment and executive ukase, it is certainly near that regrettable state. A healthy public opinion and a bridled press are not coexistent. The freedom of no people is safe, the perpetuation of no form of government is certain, where there exists a craven or even a timid press. To-day, as never before, there is laid upon the press of America a duty which no other agency can perform. At a moment when we face the most critical period in our history a bold and outspoken press will be more potent to save than cabinets or halls of state. The words of Andrew Hamilton, spoken two centuries ago, are as full of force and meaning to-day as they were then. Once sufficiently powerful to lift the ban from the paper of an imperiled editor, they would serve a yet more enduring purpose if they might lift the ban that imperils the press of to-day.

Apropos of the present situation, no risk of tedium is involved in making quotation of a single paragraph from that great speech:

"There is heresy," he said, "in law as well as in religion, and both have changed very much; and we well know that it is not two centuries ago that a man would have been burned as a heretic for owning such opinions in matters of religion as are publicly written and printed to-day. They were fallible men, it seems, and we take the liberty, not only to differ from them in religious opinion, but to condemn them and their opinions too; and I must presume that in taking these freedoms in speaking and thinking about matters of faith and religion we are in the right; for though it is said there are very great liberties of this kind taken in New York, yet I have heard of no information preferred by Mr. Attorney for any offenses of this sort. From which I think it pretty clear that in New York a man may make very free with his God, but he must take special care of what he says of his Governor. It is agreed upon by all men that this is a reign of liberty, and while men keep within the bounds of truth I hope they may with safety both write and speak their sentiments of the conduct of men of power; I mean that part of their conduct only which affects the liberty or property of the people under their administration. Were this to be denied, then the next step might make them slaves. For what notions can be entertained of slavery beyond that of suffering the greatest oppressions, without the liberty of complaining; or, if they do, to be destroyed, body and estate, for so doing?"

The sentiments here expressed are not wholly foreign to present-day conditions. Only once since the adoption of the Constitution has there been an attempt to abridge the rights secured to Zenger in his trial, and that was sufficiently disastrous to destroy a great National party. The enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws destroyed the Federalist party, and opposition to them gave vitality to the party of Jefferson. In view of the fact that the sedition clause in the present Espionage Act differs from the Sedition Act of the Federalists under Adams in words rather than in meaning, it would indeed be a strange freak of fortune if the application of the present Sedition Law should dethrone the party that came into being through opposition to a similar law. In discussing those laws the founder of the present reigning party gave as his reason for pardoning every person that was convicted under them that "his obligation to execute what was not law involved that of not suffering rights secured by valid laws to be protected by what was no law." Of like tenor were the criticisms of the author of "A History of the American People." "The Sedition Act," said this author, "cut perilously near the root of freedom of speech and freedom of the press;" "there was no telling where such exercise of power would stop," he said, since "their only limitations and safeguards lay in the temper and good sense of the President and Attorney-General."

Our pre-President historian might have gone a step further and have imparted to us the information that there is no law more imperiling than one which permits the operation of a law to be suspended by Executive proclamation, or which permits an Executive order to become law. As a student of Lord Coke in his early years, he might have recalled the words of that great law writer, who characterized such a law, passed in the reign of Henry VIII, as "an unjust and strange act, that tended in its execution to the great displeasure of Almighty God and the utter subversion of the common law." Inasmuch as the present Espionage Act does itself "cut perilously near the root of freedom of speech and freedom of the press," have we not reached a point where the press must be its own defender? Has not the Creel Deletion Corps by its many unwarranted assumptions of authority given sufficient admonition to the press of the country that there is "no telling where such exercise of power will stop"? And if it be true now, as it was under the Administration of Adams, that the "only limitations and safeguards" against such assumptions are to be found "in the temper and good sense of the President and Attorney-General," is it not clear that all limitations and safeguards have been removed? As illustration have we not seen the powers granted, or assumed, under the Espionage Act carried to the extent of refusing to permit some of the leading dailies of the country to print in their foreign editions the report of the Senate Investigation Committee with reference to the Airplane Board? Through like acts of intimidation has not the press become so subservient that it will not protest against the very harsh, if not illegal, acts of the Administration in creating postage rate zones or the wastage of a billion of dollars by an incompetent administrative board? Assuming that the press of the country has not reached a state of servility, that it is just as virile as it has ever been, that it has submitted to the Creel régime only through a sense of patriotic duty, what will be its attitude now that we are no longer at war? There are times when a statement of fact is so conclusive that argument only weakens it. This country is no more prepared for peace than it was for war. We face problems fraught with more peril than any we have yet encountered. Our entire social, commercial, and political fabric is in a state of transition. Given the whole truth, public opinion seldom goes wrong; given only a part of the truth, it seldom goes right. The future welfare of the country depends on the course which the press may pursue. It will be for the press to determine whether we shall come out of the war less a democracy than any nation that entered into it. The elements of autocracy and unbridled democracy are both in evidence to-day. Neither has any place in a real democracy. The press was once potent to save us from the curse of Government ownership. It alone can save us now. When a single individual is clothed with that power which enables him to raise or lower the wage scale of a great public utility millions of dollars, that enables him to raise or lower the rates exacted from the public, in like manner, if we have not reached the danger-point in the exercise of that power, certainly we have reached the point where the danger signals ought to be raised by the press.

Whether it arise from subserviency, timidity, or indifference, it must be admitted that the public press has not discussed these and kindred subjects with that freedom that has characterized its action in dealing with subjects of great moment in the past. The founders of that party to which the President pays allegiance once denied the right of the Government to even appropriate money out of the treasury for any kind of a public improvement, or to hold stock in or give direction to the management and control of a public utility of any kind. From this absurdity the press directed the country to a sane and Constitutional basis. Now that the President has carried his party to the opposite extreme, what but the press of the country can carry us back to a safe and secure position? The flight of certain straws indicates a disposition on the part of the press to assert its independence once again. In solving the great problems of reconstruction it will be the press rather than any party or branch of Government that the country must look to for guidance and direction. Must we not, then, have a free and untrammeled press? Has not the time come when the press, released from official restraint, must lead rather than continue to fight rearguard actions with public opinion?

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THE GREAT INSURANCE ADVENTURE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE AND RICHARD SPILLANE

IN a building that formerly was an automobile warehouse, in an alley between Ninth and Tenth Streets, in Avenue D, Washington, two gentlemen sit from morning until night every week-day, and sometimes Sunday, signing checks. That is what they are paid to do—sign checks. It is not an ordinary pen they use, but a piece of machinery fashioned like a pen and operated by electric power. Every time they make the motions necessary to form the characters their signatures are produced simultaneously on five checks. Then, automatically, the five signed checks pass out of a hopper-like arrangement and five blank checks take their place. They write their names again, and signed checks move from the hopper and unsigned ones come in. So it goes hour after hour, day after day, month after month. Sometimes they have to work at night to keep up with the insistent demand for money.

An average of 30,000 checks go out of that hopper every day in the year, and there are few parts of the world to which they do not go. On some days the total has gone as high as 150,000.

That former warehouse in a blind alley in Washington is the disbursing office of the War Risk Insurance Bureau of the United States Government.

Of all the magical changes the war brought to America nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable than is this one of insurance. To-day the Government is the greatest insurance company on earth. It is so much greater than any other as to dwarf all others. In two days it wrote more insurance than was ever written by an insurance company in a year. In a few months it more than doubled the amount of life insurance in all the world. To-day it has more than 4,150,000 policies outstanding for a total insurance of more than $38,000,000,000. The magnitude of that sum may be appreciated only when it is said that it is nearly fifty per cent greater than the estimated national wealth of Japan or Italy or Austria-Hungary.

It is not unlikely that this Insurance Bureau will be considered in future years one of the most remarkable and constructive features in connection with the great war. Few persons to-day appreciate its magnitude and ramifications, or its widespread benefits individually and Nationally.

It had its beginning in those dread days of 1914 when the world was stunned by the European cataclysm. The rates for insurance on vessels and cargoes suddenly vaulted to undreamed-of heights. The British Government, appreciating the difficulty which private companies would meet in providing the enormous money protection essential against the hazards of the sea in such a war, determined to assume the risks on vessels flying the British flag.

Without insurance—ample insurance—commerce in war time would be an unthinkable gamble. It would threaten ruin to every shipowner or shipper whose property went to destruction.

The British Government had all it could do to provide for its own commerce. That left neutrals to look after themselves. It was necessary for America to cover the risks on American vessels and cargoes.

Secretary McAdoo asked authority to establish a Bureau of War Risk Insurance as an adjunct of the Treasury Department. Congress passed a bill at once in accordance with his request, and the Secretary called William C. De Lanoy, a prominent insurance broker of New York, to Washington to establish and direct the new bureau.

He could not have made a better selection. Mr. De Lanoy began business on September 2, 1914, with an office force of four persons. Then and there began a new era in the history of the American merchant marine. That first day he wrote insurance in the name of the Government against hulls and cargoes of American vessels. Immediately rates began to come down from the cloud heights to somewhat easier levels.

It was nearly three years later, or in June, 1917, that Congress amended the original War Risk Bill in a form that paved the way to what some insurance persons term the Great Adventure. American ships were being sunk, American cargoes lost, and the Government was providing insurance. But what about the men who sailed those ships?

Congress gave authority to establish a Seaman's Division of the Bureau to insure the lives of the officers and crews of American merchant vessels in sums ranging from $1,500 to $5,000, according to their scale of pay.

In these two divisions a remarkable showing has been made. The Marine—that is, the ship and cargo—Division has written policies aggregating nearly two thousand million dollars. Premiums of $45,614,885 were paid and the losses amounted to $29,670,598.

To conduct this business for four years has cost less than $150,000, which is an annual average of less than one-tenth of one per cent on the average annual premium receipts. It must be appreciated, however, that there has been no brokerage to pay and that other economies make this unprecedentedly low expense possible.

So, too, in the Seaman's Division. On policies aggregating $187,398,586 it received premiums of $783,311 and paid losses of $281,768. The cost of operation was $33,628.

In these two divisions Uncle Sam certainly has made money in the insurance business, thanks, in part at least, to the very fine work of Mr. De Lanoy and his assistants.

Then came the Great Adventure. We entered the war in April, 1917. We had insured our ships, the cargoes of our ships, and the men who sailed in our merchant ships. We had gathered within six months of our declaration of war a million and a half men for service in our Army and Navy. We had sent troops abroad. We had a mighty force in training. We had a Navy that was growing in wonderful style. We were to call millions more of men to the colors. The size of our Army and Navy depended only on the length of the war.

Why not insure the human material we were putting into the mighty conflict? Why not make provision or make it possible for our fighting men to make provision for the loved ones at home and for themselves? Why not do something to minimize the colossal waste of the old pension system that followed other wars?

On October 6, 1917, Congress passed and the President signed the War Risk Insurance Act, which entitled all officers and enlisted men in the service at that time to obtain insurance for any sum up to $10,000 if they made application within one hundred and twenty days, and provided that all men enlisting thereafter must make application for it within one hundred and twenty days after their enlistment. For men already in the service the insurance might date back to the time they entered the service. Incidentally, a soldier or sailor might make allowance out of his pay to any one dependent upon him.

Immediately upon the passage of the Act voluntary applications began to pour in. The first came from Lieutenant Coke Flannagan, of the Army, for the maximum amount—$10,000.

If the insurance plan was to be the great, broad, beneficent work intended, every man in the service should be insured. To get the one million five hundred thousand already in the Army and the Navy and sign up the thousands and tens of thousands being added daily and weekly to the war force was a herculean task even if a big organization had been devised for the work. But there was no organization. The War Risk Bureau had two rooms in the basement of the Treasury Building. It had to get thousands of clerks to handle the colossal volume of papers. It had to spread out its canvassers in camps in America and camps in Europe, in Navy stations in America, in England, in France, and elsewhere. It had to jump in a few weeks from a bureau with twenty clerks to one with thousands of clerks.

Washington was overcrowded as was no other city on earth. The various departments had overflowed their regular quarters and spread out until there was hardly an office in the capital unoccupied. Various old departments and not a few new ones were having structures built for them hastily, and meanwhile were "camping out" wherever they could find space. There was a great scarcity of labor, particularly skilled labor. There was a still

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greater scarcity of office workers, particularly trained office workers.

Was ever a man confronted with a problem more difficult than that of insuring 1,500,000 men within one hundred and twenty days under such crippling circumstances? First he must get the million and a half to understand what the insurance was to them. Then he had to get every one of the 1,500,000 to sign the application, with every detail as to family, home address, and other necessary information. Then, if allotment of part of the soldier's pay was to go to dependent relatives, that was to be designated with all the necessary detail. Meanwhile another army was in the making, every member of which had to be insured.

And the organization that was to do all this was unformed. Within five days of the passage of the Act the Bureau sent insurance applications to every military and naval station. At the same time the Adjutant-General telegraphed every department commander, explaining the opportunities and privileges the new law extended to the men—how, for an average cost of $8 per $1,000 per year for policies up to $10,000, any and every officer and man in Army or Navy could insure his life and make provision for wife, child, mother, or dependent in case of his death or disability.

A few days later representatives of the rank and file of every military unit in the United States met in Washington, summoned by telegraph by the Government to receive first-hand information concerning the construction and operation of the Insurance Act. The Secretaries of War, Navy, and Treasury, and many officers and men spoke. Then the soldiers and sailors went back to spread the news. They were followed by civilian experts who went to every naval station and Army cantonment to co-ordinate work in the field.

Immediate steps were taken to write insurance for our soldiers overseas. Captain, now Colonel, S. Herbert Wolfe, of the Quartermaster's Corps, who was in Paris on special detail, was ordered by cable to form an organization, and at the same time a special section of the Adjutant-General's Department was organized by Major Willard Straight in this country for service overseas. It consisted of thirty-four officers and sixty-seven enlisted men, and sailed for France December 7, 1917. It included Colonel Henry D. Lindsley, formerly a life insurance president, who succeeded Major Straight when the major was called to other service abroad.

The task of "writing" the many thousands of men in the numerous and widely scattered camps overseas within the time limit fixed by law and under the peculiar and difficult circumstances which existed was greater than can be pictured in words, but it was accomplished.

Simple certificates of insurance were issued at first in lieu of ordinary policies. To write and mail these certificates was a monster job.

The first insurance certificates were delivered personally by Secretary McAdoo. The recipients were Sergeant Larry L. Meadow, of the Army, and First-Class Yeoman M. J. Crum, of the Navy, both certificates being for the maximum—$10,000.

By cablegram, on November 12, 1917, General Pershing applied for the maximum insurance—$10,000—for himself, at the same time thanking the Government in the name of the Army in France for giving to the soldier a privilege which no other country had ever extended to its fighting men.

Within the first month after the passage of the Act applications representing $311,498,500 insurance had been received. By December 15 the applications numbered 246,104, and the insurance $2,133,383,500. On that day Thomas B. Love

(C) Harris & Ewing

THOMAS L. LOVE
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
Now in charge of the Government Insurance Bureau

was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of War Risk Insurance.

Applications were pouring in at the end of 1917 in enormous volume, enough, in fact, to swamp and appal the Insurance Bureau force; but even at the rate they were being received it was evident that unless there was a tremendous increase there would be one million men uninsured when the time limit, which was February 12, was reached.

Insurance men had been most patriotic and enthusiastic in their efforts to assist the Bureau. They were called in for a conference, and as a result a "drive" was planned that was a wonder. The plan was to have the canvassing done by the officers and men themselves in every unit of the Army and Navy, directed and assisted from Washington by a so-called Soldiers and Sailors' Campaign Council.

The aim was to be 100 per cent in every unit, and any figure lower was to be considered short of success. Stirring messages went daily, and sometimes twice a day, to every unit, even by wireless to the battleships, the cruisers, the destroyers, and the U-boat chasers far out upon the seas, even to the far Pacific.

Battle-cries for the insurance campaign were flashed across the continent. The "movies" were recruited. Speakers and salesmen went wherever soldier or sailor was to be found. They were battling for billions upon billions, for something never imagined by insurance men before. It was a man-to-man campaign with man measured by millions of men.

The actual selling in this whirlwind campaign was done in mess shacks, in Y. M. C. A. huts, and in the open field. No opportunities were overlooked. Some of the men signed for $10,000 of insurance as soon as the proposition was presented to them. Others required persuasion. Still others required arguments and technical exposition of the law.

By January 18 more than 470,000 men were insured for more than four billion dollars. The campaign was well under way. Already some regiments were reported "100 per cent insured." The enthusiasm grew as February 12 approached.

Army officers, from the highest generals down to the rawest recruits, vied with one another in spurring on the drive. The spirit swept from camp to camp and around the country and across the seas.

By January 28 more than 550,000 men were insured, with fourteen days still to go, and the watchword, "A Million Men Insured Before February 12," was flashed to all military and Navy units.

Meantime the competition among the Army camps and cantonments grew increasingly keen, as well as the rivalry within the divisions. Daily bulletins and telegrams were rushed from Washington to keep the spirit high and the competition close. Every camp in the country bent every energy to be the first "100 per cent" camp.

On January 28 all records were broken by the receipt of 32,004 insurance applications, aggregating more than $260,000,000, and bringing the grand total of insurance close to the five-billion-dollar mark.

In the next three days insurance came in at the daily rate of about $200,000,000 a day.

On February 6 Camp Dodge reported that it was 98 per cent insured. Five other camps were close behind with 95 per cent.

By midnight, February 12, the goal of "one million men insured" had been reached and passed. Practically every Army camp was more than 93 per cent insured. The onrush of business was so great that the applications could not be tabulated promptly, but it was clear that the drive was overwhelmingly successful.

But the end was not yet. Just before the time limit fixed by the original law, February 12, was reached, the time within which applications might be received from men in active service at the time the Act became effective was extended by Congress for sixty days, and the drive continued. New men joining the colors

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of course had one hundred and twenty days after enlistment within which to apply for insurance.

St. Valentine's Day—February 14—1918, is a red-letter day in insurance history, for on that day five hundred million dollars of insurance, representing fifty-four thousand applications, were received. This established a new high-water mark, and it has not since been exceeded.

As of February 12, eight large Army camps, with an average strength of about thirty thousand men, were 99 per cent insured, or better. The lowest camp had 93 per cent of its personnel insured.

In the six weeks from January 1 more than six billion dollars of insurance had been sold.

On March 7 the twelve-billion-dollar mark was crossed; on April 6 it was fourteen billion dollars.

On May 14 more than two million soldiers and sailors had been insured for more than sixteen and a half billion dollars. On June 30 Secretary McAdoo announced that more than twenty-one and a half billion dollars of insurance was on the books of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, with an average policy of $8,387.

Billions were added to the total month by month as the army and navy grew larger and larger.

On October 6, 1918, the anniversary of the approval of the Act, the average amount of insurance per man was approximately $9,300.

It must be understood that no man was disqualified by reason of physical condition from the benefits of this insurance. The fact that he was in the service of the Nation was all that was necessary.

It must be understood also that insurance does not end with the ending of the war, for the war insurance may be transformed into straight life insurance.

By its work in this field the Government has doubled the amount of life insurance in the world. It has broadened this great safeguard for mankind as it was never broadened in all the world's history.

But there is a picturesque side to this wonderful accomplishment.

If it had been possible to organize an army of clerks to handle this tremendous work of recording policies, indexing, classifying, paying, distributing, before the insurance was issued, the job, colossal though it was, would have been one merely of size. But there was no army of clerks, and if there had been there were no offices in which to install them.

To get clerks—any clerks—the Bureau had to appeal to the country at large. It used the "movies." It asked men and women to come to Washington to help win the war. It showed how there could be patriotism at a desk as well as patriotism in the field.

Thousands responded. They were not enough, for nothing in Washington ever grew more rapidly than the War Risk Bureau. More and more thousands came until the Bureau attained its present monster size. And it is a monster, for instead of the four clerks of 1914 it now has a total of fourteen thousand.

It is a marvel that this force, hastily gathered, has been fashioned into what it is to-day—one of the best in the Government service.

Mistakes? Yes, no end of them. Delays? Yes, many of them.

The Bureau had to face one problem early in the days after the Act of October 6, 1917, was passed. That was whether it would wait to pay on policies and allotments to dependents until its work was systematized and shipshape, or proceed without regard to its unorganized state.

If it waited it would minimize error, but the long time necessary to complete organization would inflict hardship on tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of beneficiaries under the insurance or who were to receive allotments out of soldiers' pay. That would be hard to explain, unjust to the needy, and violative of the spirit of the Act of Congress.

If the Bureau, with its crude, untrained force, bent all its energies upon getting through with its mountain of work—a mountain ever growing and ever threatening to overwhelm—yet all the time gave first thought to paying those to whom money should go, there would be many errors, no doubt, and there would be omission here and duplication there, but it would be fairer to the public.

With full appreciation that it probably would blunder many times, the decision was made to take the chance.

And there were many opportunities for blundering and for fraud before the tangles could be unraveled. Take, for example, the thousands of instances in which men named their sweethearts as their wives in order that the girls might get allowances. There were cases in which men named their mothers as their wives so they might get the extra allowance. There were cases where a mother of twins gave the same name to her two children and it was difficult for the Government people to believe there was not something wrong. In one instance a soldier named nineteen different persons as dependent upon him for support. There was not enough space on his application blank for all the names, for he made himself out to be the sole support of all of his tribe, from his great-grandmother down to an infant child. The case looked queer, yet investigation showed all nineteen lived in one small house.

There were mistakes in names, thousands of them. Many of the soldiers spoke English imperfectly. Those who made up the application blanks for them spelled the names phonetically. Some of the soldiers gave wrong addresses, wrong names of next of kin, or did not know the Christian name or the maiden name of their mother. It seems unbelievable, but it is so, that they knew their mothers only by a pet name.

There were thousands of John Smiths and John Joneses. There were so many cases of mix-up in names and duplication, and so much confusion through transfer from one command to another, that a corps of experts had to be organized into what is known as the Untangling Division.

Then the handwriting of some of the soldiers! There is hardly a race on earth unrepresented in the American Army, and the things these men did in the way of spelling their names marks a world's record.

It must be appreciated that the War Risk Bureau was a late development, and when it looked for quarters it had to take the scraps of space left in Washington. To-day it is scattered all over the capital.

Ambassador Jusserand went to the National Museum to show its wonders to a party of friends. He found instead the Allotment Division of the Bureau, where four thousand of the fourteen thousand work among the art treasures, amid the skeletons of whales, dinosaurs, relics of the stone age, and such.

"*C'est la guerre*," said the Ambassador, smilingly. You will find insurance divisions in former dance-halls, in Scottish Rite Temples, in all sorts of odd structures in the heart of the city and in the fringe of the city.

Patriotism? There has been a patriotism in the work of the staff of the War Risk Insurance Bureau little short of that of the boys at the front.

When the Bureau was swamped and there was a call for volunteers to work through the night, volunteers were in the majority. Many times men and women and girls have worked until worn out. At intervals through the night coffee, sandwiches, and cakes have been brought in. At regular intervals each day, in all the divisions, there are rest periods—five minutes at one time, ten at another, fifteen at another. In various divisions they have a piano, and in some rest periods there is dancing or singing. Sometimes famous singers or entertainers come to brighten the hours.

For the many hours of overtime these workers have put in there has been no extra pay. They have given this overtime as their contribution to the winning of the war.

These workers come from every grade of society and every section of the Republic. The glamour of life in Washington may have attracted some. The fervor of patriotism impelled the many. Unhappily, not a few have been disillusioned regarding the National capital. The pay seemed big, but they did not know the high costs of living, especially in Washington. One division chief tells of profiteering that is shameful. In one instance he learned that six of his women workers occupied one large room in a private house and had to pay sixteen dollars a week each for their sleeping accommodations.

The Spanish influenza epidemic took its toll of the workers, but the work went on.

And what a work it is! The amount of mail matter alone is greater than that of some cities.

The output of checks is beyond anything ever reached before. If all the

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7,479,704 checks sent forth up to December were placed end to end they would stretch from New York to Kansas City.

A million dollars in gold weighs 3,683 pounds. The millions represented in the checks sent out in less than a year would weigh more than 425 tons in gold.

If the money paid out had been given in dollar bills, the stream of notes would go around the earth at the equator and leave enough of a ribbon over to tie a bow-knot over 240 miles of land. Or if represented in silver dollars it would make a pyramid equal in height to that of 3,469 Washington Monuments one piled on another.

Out of all the experiences of the Bureau have come system, order, precision. The chance of error has been brought to an irreducible minimum. Every man in the service or who has been in the service is numbered, indexed, catalogued.

The whole monster organization works now like a giant machine, functioning with only the occasional breaks and stoppages to which all machinery is subject.

What of the future?

For the work it was designed the War Risk Bureau has more than fulfilled expectations. There probably will be pension legislation in various cases where the hurts of war have been such as to warrant more relief for the sufferers than has been provided through insurance. But there is not to be any such riot of pensioning as marked the Civil War period.

If the War Risk Bureau is to broaden, Congress must say to what extent. Possibly it will remain as it is to-day. Possibly it will spread its activities to lines of social and industrial insurance.

Possibly the dream of one man that all seventeen branches of the Bureau will be grouped in one common center—an insurance city that will be a pendant or suburb of Washington—will be realized; an insurance city that will be the insurance capital of the world, where insurance will be the study, the practice, the life-work of all the inhabitants; a great insurance university city to which the insurance students of the world will turn for light, for knowledge, for inspiration.

A dream, perhaps, but a dream of promise, for insurance is but the scientific application of the Scriptural injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

REBUILDING FRANCE

BY HAROLD GODWIN

DURING the excitement which somewhat prematurely carried Americans off their feet, late in 1917, with regard to reconstruction in France, I was fortunate enough to have made a visit to the Somme, which had then been reoccupied by the French, and to have been able to gauge the rebuilding situation before it was brought suddenly to an end by the rapid advance of the Germans toward the end of March, 1918. I was held in Paris for over two months, struggling with military and official red tape, during which detention I secured whatever information I could on the general subject, and came to some conclusions which may be of value in the final solution of the vast problem that presents itself with the cessation of hostilities.

In a speech made by M. André Tardieu, the head of the French Commission, on November 8, he has admirably outlined the situation in which France finds herself after the dramatic ending of the war. Two and a half million men lost from the man power of the nation (nearly one-fifteenth of the total inhabitants), a debt of twenty-four billions of dollars to defray the cost of the war alone, and the richest part of France a desolate ruin which neither indemnities nor outside help, however generous, can ever again fully replace!

The region overrun by German hordes comprised but a sixth of French territory, but this sixth paid a quarter of all the country's taxes. In these regions were produced ninety per cent of the country's wool, flax, and iron ore, seventy per cent of its steel and sugar, and almost one-half of its coal and electric power. All the industry of this area has been destroyed, its machinery broken or carried off, its agriculture and mines made useless for some time to come, and some 350,000 homes either partially or completely destroyed.

Before this year the German armies had occupied some 2,550 of the French communes. While some were left comparatively intact, others were all but obliterated. This was particularly true of those regions in which fighting was long continued, where trenches, barbed wire, shell holes, and mine craters transformed the smiling gardens and fields into desolate wastes and villages into heaps of broken masonry. Typical of this was the village of Beuvraignes in the Somme. It had been a flourishing village of 1,500 inhabitants, to which I was taken for a visit by a man whose frugality had permitted him to buy a little home. Where his house had stood there was one of three craters in which tons of explosives had torn a hole 150 feet long and 40 feet deep. Around these craters stood the remnants of the village. Not a single house or wall of a house was left standing. The main road through the village was discernible, but that was all. Tangled bits of iron told the only story of its former occupants—the place had not the remnant of a single tree or shrub, and there seemed nothing of the entire village worth salving.

As an illustration, perhaps, of the recuperative spirit of the French and of the strength of the ties that bind its villagers to the soil, Beuvraignes offers a remarkable example. Owing to its apparently total destruction, plans were made to completely remodel it on a thoroughly up-to-date design. It was to be moved slightly, and elaborate maps were made to give the people new and better situated lands for the old, while electricity and water were to be introduced, and the result was to be a monument to the new order of things.

I was fortunate enough to attend one of the sittings where these changes were proposed to some of the former inhabitants. It was evident that the new design did not please them, and the propagator proceeded to inform them that objections were useless, as the project would be forced on them if necessary. "How about my cellar?" asked one; "And my well?" said another; while a third preferred the situation of his old house to the new. It was evident that the scheme was unlikely

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

In talking afterwards with some of the people I could plainly see that they wanted just the little old garden, the same life they had led, and they were ready, despite the ruin, to clean it up, rebuild and replant on the very spot that they formerly owned, no matter what might be offered them. No new well or cellar could replace the one that had only to be cleaned to become once more serviceable.

These people's determination was a part of the wonderful spirit which we have all had occasion to admire in the French. They learn to love their hearths and homes, no matter how uncomfortable they may be or how far from sanitary we may consider them.

It was surprising to see how quickly the region had assumed a smiling prospect as the spring of 1918 opened. The work of tractors was in evidence in many directions, and green patches of winter wheat relieved the barren stretches where ran the old trenches.

This was the situation when the fateful German drive began on March 21. Once again the people who had come back were forced to flee. The speed with which the Germans advanced glutted the road with refugees, with soldiers, with tractors working their way out of the army zone, while troops of reinforcements were moving up. The scene was indescribable. The procession of refugees was a succession of tragedies, and above it all hovered the fear that the progress of the enemy could not be stopped. Once more the ravages of war were to visit the lands that were thought safe from outrage. But the German advance went beyond former boundaries. Before it was so wonderfully checked by the superb French mobile army of Foch new destruction was added to that already done, and towns like Montdidier, with surrounding villages, were ravaged by the new invasion, with little thought that a cessation of hostilities would be possible before the close of the year.

In a few months the face of things

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was miraculously changed, and again the rehabilitation of the battlefields and the return of refugees becomes a problem needing immediate attention. With that eagerness characteristic of the French the roads will be filled again with returning civilians, and the problems of shelter and provisions for the coming winter months will be insistent.

Reconstruction is a question covering vast political and economic difficulties. Those which directly appeal to our people have to do with the unfortunate refugees, many of whom were twice driven from their homes. How can America help in alleviating their distress? In a moment of enthusiasm last year it was proposed that American cities or organizations should adopt certain villages and towns and collect funds for their reconstruction and for the care of their people.

Admirable as the feeling was which prompted this, it succeeded in causing endless heartburnings among those who were not fortunate enough to have secured our help. The number of adopted towns was small compared with the whole, and the result, in one instance that I know of, was that a very considerable fund was got together to rebuild a village which was only partially destroyed and which hardly needed the money, while a near neighbor which had suffered complete destruction was in direst need of help. This situation of disparity was further accentuated by the fact that the French Government last year had begun to furnish material to those who could repair their houses, but was not then ready to make any such advance to those whose houses had been completely destroyed.

The whole question of reconstruction is so complicated that it seems to me evident that individual projects of adoption of towns and villages are not the wisest form of help. Now that the war has come to an end, and that Germany has got to pay the bill, is it not all the more superfluous for America to be footing it?

The rebuilding of France is recognized as a matter for governmental control and intervention. The principle of indemnity has been thoroughly recognized already, and it seems as if individual, as opposed to governmental, assistance should be directed toward the immediate necessities of the people rather than their eventual ones. In work of this kind the Red Cross and a mass of other organizations both French and American can continue to be of greatest use.

There are other ways in which we can be helpful, and in which our desire to be of service in the rebuilding of France can find expression. That part of France which has been destroyed has got to be rebuilt. We can lend money for the purpose if it is needed—which it may be until France's accounts with Germany are in the way of settlement. Still further, we can help in the departments of labor and material without causing undue jealousy or discrimination.

What France needs is not alone material, but material suited to rapid and yet permanent rebuilding. The more quickly she can build, the sooner will she be able to relieve the food shortage, which will be one of the most acute of after-war problems. We have many methods of building which answer her demands, and we can install the machinery and turn out the goods on the spot in such a way as to furnish the people of the devastated area with stronger, more sanitary, and more durable houses than they had before, at lowest possible cost and in the shortest possible time.

After a careful study of means at our hand, I am convinced that the large hollow-tile block, which is not as yet used in France, offers one of the best solutions of the problem. Throughout the zone of destruction in France and Belgium brickyards abound and clay is to be had in unlimited quantities and of every quality. While the hollow tile is not unknown in France, it is made only in small sizes for interior partitions, fences, and small structures where reinforcing with angle-irons is used. We have, on the other hand, extended its use to outside walls, and make it in single blocks which are equal to anywhere from a dozen to two dozen ordinary bricks. It is strong enough to hold every possible load, in two or three story houses; its hollows filled with air make it warm in winter and cool in summer, while it comes in forms which make a wall of it impervious to moisture. Plaster on the inside and cement on the outside can be directly affixed to it, while the material is fire-proof, quickly laid, and susceptible to all the advantages of ordinary brick, and none of its disadvantages. Could this material be turned out in large quantities in France, it would be no small contribution to one of the pressing needs of the time. If Americans who would like to help along in the rebuilding of these regions would equip a dozen brickyards with facilities for turning these blocks out, and would then sell them at cost to those who need them, a really practical charity could be established which would be of the utmost philanthropic value at the present time.

The hollow tile is simply one of many devices that could be of immediate use in France. There are many ways in which cement can be prepared which would doubtless aid in reconstruction, providing that the prejudice of the French people against its use can be overcome. Every effort will doubtless be made in the rebuilding of France to introduce some of the modern conveniences which have been so notably lacking in its homes, but even more important will be the question of proper sanitation in its towns and villages. The authorities are awake to these needs and will look after them, just as French architects will take care of planning the rebuilt homes. Suggestions from us will doubtless be very welcome, but I feel quite confident that the rôle we can play to best advantage in reconstruction will be in pointing out some of the practical short cuts which can be made toward rapid yet permanent rehabilitation.

The methods likely to be adopted by the French are perhaps forecast in the procedure taken by them last year, and it may be of interest to American readers to know something of what was then done. The French Government was thoroughly conscious of the necessity of reclaiming the land and rebuilding the homes of the people in the parts of the war zone that were well back of the fighting line. It furnished portable houses, where it could, for people to live in, either selling them outright or renting them. It furnished labor for rebuilding from German prison camps, and materials such as cement, brick, tile, and wood. Individuals wishing to repair their houses applied first for an assessment of damages. Government assessors were stationed in the region, and the losses of inhabitants were promptly looked into by them in conjunction with representatives of the individual seeking the assessment. Once a figure had been established, the householder could call for delivery of any material needed. This was charged, at prevailing prices, against the individual's ultimate indemnity—the indemnity allowed at the time covering seventy-five per cent of the individual's loss. Under the operation of this plan many houses were repaired which have doubtless since been destroyed again. Now, however, that the responsibility of Germany has been established, the full amount of loss, instead of the seventy-five per cent of last year, may be allowed, and the Government, which then controlled practically all the material available for reconstruction, may hasten to restore an open market for building material heretofore under its control.

A second necessity recognized by the French Government at that time was that of agriculture. This is a vast and intricate problem, but one that follows closely on the heels of the housing of returning refugees. Recognizing the necessity of immediate action, a law was passed allowing the *maire* of any town to put any or all the lands of a commune under cultivation. Both the French and English Governments sent batteries of tractors to the barren areas, and under this law, regardless of ownership, all lands that were cultivable were plowed up and put to seed. The English paid a small rental to individual owners, while the French rented their tractors and implements to those who needed them at about the cost of operation.

The absolute dearth of horses makes the tractor an essential feature in the recultivation of these lands, which are fortunately well suited to this form of mechanical operation. Here again America can furnish the means for quick regeneration of the soil, for the agricultural tractor is peculiarly an American development. France has ordered thousands of tractors for her Government, and individuals as well as associations have tried to meet the demands with the latest devices and developments in this line. Such is the extent of the work to be done that with all the machinery on hand the complete restoration of agriculture in France can-

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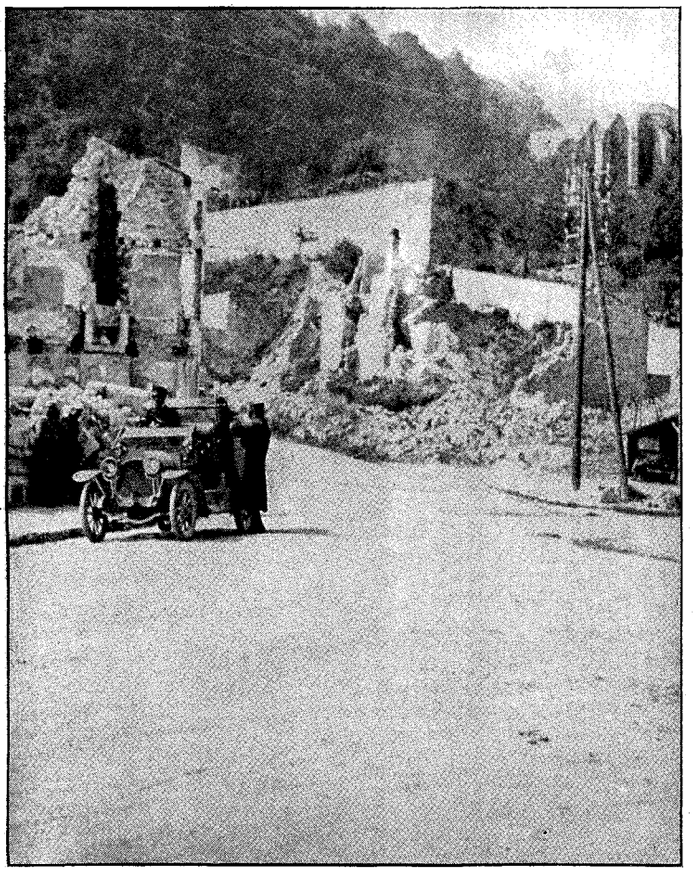


HOUSES AT CLERMONT, ARGONNE

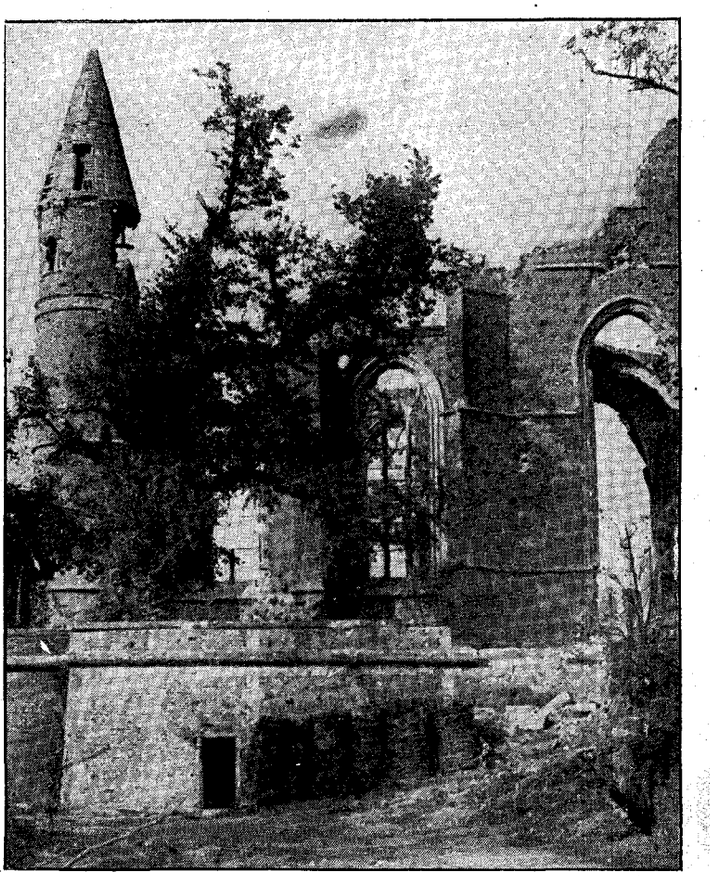
Type of complete devastation which necessitates rebuilding from the foundation

PUBLIC BUILDING, NIEUPORT, FLANDERS

Type of destruction in towns which can be restored if foundations are intact

A HOUSE AT NIEUPORT, FLANDERS

Damage wrought by a single shell, which exploded in the pit in foreground. House at left possibly reparable



CHURCH AT TILLOLOY, SOMME

A sixteenth-century church. Damaged beyond repair in the German drive of last March

TYPES OF DAMAGED BUILDINGS—REPARABLE AND IRREPARABLE—IN FRENCH AND BELGIAN TOWNS

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not be expected for some time to come. The loss of man power has affected the agricultural problem to such an extent that there are actually long lists of abandoned acres quite outside of the army zone.

If I am asked in what way America could be of greatest service to France, I should say unhesitatingly that it would be in helping her to hasten the day when she could once more produce the crops she did before the war. Her industries have many of them been paralyzed by the destructive barbarity of the Germans and must take time for re-establishment. Her agricultural production has fallen terribly in the last four years; but her wealth is first of all in her agriculture, and we cannot repay our debt to France better than in establishing organized service which will put the peasant farmer back in his home and furnish him with means whereby he may once more raise his round of crops. America, with its light list of casualties, can easily take up its home burdens again, but France has fought to the death, and finds herself bled of her youth and facing the future with high hopes but with diminished strength. Her problems are nevertheless our problems, and, as the heaviest of hers will come from lack of her former man power, it is to our mutual interest to direct our help in the line of labor-saving devices to which she has not been accustomed, but which have been well tried out by us.

THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE[1]

IV—A MATTER OF DISCIPLINE

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

IT happened that on that pale, blowy March morning during the great German advance, when Théophile Gelas, cook of the Tenth Company, made coffee and soup when no food seemed possible, a staff officer from brigade headquarters chanced to share the coffee with the company officers.

"Coffee!" he cried, after the first sip; "coffee such as I have not tasted since I left Paris!"

"We have," the captain of the Tenth Company answered, complacently, "the best cook in the army."

The staff officer grinned, and there was much evil in his grin.

"I shall make it my business to take him away from you," he threatened. "A company of linesmen can eat anything, but a staff must be well fed."

To the vast disgust of the Tenth Company, the staff captain carried out his threat, and Théophile was transferred to brigade headquarters and installed in the huge kitchen of a château which had belonged to an epicurean member of the French nobility.

Upon Théophile the effects of this change were somewhat mixed. Had it occurred six months earlier, during those days when he had complained bitterly of his lot and longed only to be a fighting man, it might have reconciled him to his fate and, in time, made him vain.

But Théophile's attitude toward his pots and kettles had undergone a complete change. Thanks largely to the speech of one Barton, a correspondent of many campaigns, the little cook had become convinced that his labors formed a more important service than would the firing of many cartridges. There had been implanted in his swelling breast the pride of his calling.

He was not precisely sure that the change was fair to him. He felt personally responsible for the well-being of the Tenth Company. Without him they would surely fall upon continuous indigestion and evil days.

Happily he was provided with three assistants in his new quarters. They were of no great help to him, but he could talk to them, and without speech Théophile Gelas had certainly perished.

"I am not sure," he pointed out to them, "that all this is right. My abilities are to be employed in providing dainties for officers who can buy whatever food they please. In the meantime my comrades of the Tenth Company have been left to the mercies of an ignoramus who knows as much of cooking as I do of the moon!"

"But an officer is more important than a private," observed one of his hulking helpers.

The diminutive chef made a majestic gesture with a knife.

"You will attend to the paring of those potatoes," he commanded, "and do without opinions."

Nevertheless the speech had set the germ of an idea to working in Théophile's active brain. When he had leisure, he sat in the garden behind his kitchen and smoked a reflective pipe.

"It is true," he decided finally. "Instead of a mere company, I now control the destinies of an entire brigade. I must consider these officers, not merely as so many stomachs to be filled, but as so many swords of France for whose keenness I am responsible."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, went back to the château, marshaled his three assistants, and addressed them, repeating, with elaborations, the theories he had just evolved.

"There yawns at our feet," he concluded, "a frightful abyss of responsibility. In a sense, we control the destinies of France. Our salt-shakers are more potent than any hand grenades.

"You are not to concern yourselves with cares and worries. I, who possess both brain and imagination, will attend to such matters. You are merely to carry out my slightest order, to ask no questions, to accept my statements as you would those of a priest."

It was impossible to hear Théophile in his best manner without being tremendously impressed. His three assistants, who had been stolid troopers in a regiment of dragoons, became firmly convinced that their superior, who combined the physique of a schoolboy, the mustaches of a cuirassier, and the manner of a marshal of France, held some esoteric office beyond their ken, and they trembled at his frown from that moment.

Although a creature of invariable cheerfulness, Théophile had no sense of humor where his own concerns were at stake. Once he had become convinced of the deadly seriousness and importance of his new duties, he became a five-foot dynamo of activity.

One morning, no more than a few days after the assumption of his new duties, he affixed to the walls of his kitchen a great number of sheets of paper. At the head of the first one was the name of the brigadier himself. Next on the right his chief of staff, then the adjutant, and so on down to the least of the galloping subalterns. This operation was witnessed in attentive silence by the three ex-dragoons, whom Théophile presently enlightened.

"A company of soldiers," he explained, "being mostly peasants and artisans, may be treated as a huge gastronomic void, a vast collective appetite. Not so with the officers of a brigade staff. There one encounters eccentricities, niceties of taste, fine discrimination, sensitiveness, temperament.

"Of each officer we must make a definite problem. As you will see, I have placed here lists. When serving the meals, you will observe the bearing of each officer. You will note his reaction to the dishes I have prepared, his likes and dislikes, the expressions of his countenance as he eats. Should he chance to make comments, you will remember them. All this information you will bring to me. *Comprenez?*"

The three dragoons stared at each other, at the lists, at the little man in the middle of the floor.

"Yes, M. Théophile," they said in chorus.

According to their lights they carried out his instructions, but their imaginations were not that lively instrument possessed by their chief. A hundred times he was driven to wave his hands over his head, explode in "*Sacrés!*" and despair of their intelligence. He found himself driven to hover near the door,

[1] Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

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listening for the comments of his charges. The vital information upon his lists grew slowly. Théophile felt himself balked by the stupidity of his helpers. At last he decided to take matters into his own hands.

At noon the next day, to the astonishment of the assembled staff, there appeared in the doorway of the baronial dining-hall a grotesque figure—a small man with brown face, pointed beard, and bristling mustaches, dressed in the white cap and apron of the cook, below which appeared the scarlet trousers and white gaiters of an ancient infantry uniform. The figure saluted stiffly.

"*Messieurs*," said Théophile, "I apologize for my appearance, which is contrary both to discipline and convention. But there are circumstances. My one desire is that *M. le Général* and *messieurs* should be well served. But I cannot know the individual preferences of *messieurs*. In my kitchen I have prepared a list in the name of each officer. If he will tell me the names of his favorite dishes, I will inscribe them upon his list."

He made a hybrid obeisance which combined the salute of the soldier and the bow of a head waiter, and withdrew as abruptly as he had come. The staff sat in silence, looking at the brigadier.

"I do not think," observed that officer, sapiently, "that it will be well for us to laugh, as is our desire. Also, I think that those lists of which our cook has told us should be filled. I need hardly remind you that we have discovered a jewel of a chef."

Théophile's lists were not merely filled, they overflowed. He was the recipient of more dishes than are to be found upon the menus of Montmartre! Certain playful subalterns could not resist the opportunities thus offered. Théophile tore his hair, but perspired and persisted.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, his eyes bulging at some of the suggestions; "they think I am a wizard, not a cook!"

But the completion of the famous lists did not mark the end of Théophile's troubles. One morning Léon, one of his assistants, brought word to the kitchen that Major Larou had left untasted the eggs which were his favorite matutinal viand.

"*Comment!*" exclaimed Théophile; "he did not eat his eggs?"

"But no, M. Théophile," Léon assured him. "Moreover, he wore upon his face an expression which indicated that never again would he eat eggs."

Théophile's face was a cloud of thunder.

"Bring me," he commanded, "the untasted eggs."

Léon did so. Théophile sniffed them, squinted at them, tasted them.

"The eggs," he declared, "are exonerated. They are innocent."

He darted to Major Larou's list, assured himself that he had made no mistake.

"I must reflect upon this," he said, and went into the garden.

At the end of three ruminative pipes he suddenly smote his thigh with a loud shout.

"Imbecile!" he cried. "Of course! Yesterday the news from the front was good, to-day of the worst. Beyond doubt there must be menus of victory and *cartes du jour* of defeat."

He seized his head in his hands and rocked back and forth.

"Name of a pipe!" he ejaculated. "In that case, what becomes of my lists?"

Later he found that it was not merely the news of success or failure at the front which affected the appetites of the staff. The weather had to be taken into consideration. His lists became such tangles of corrections and erasures that they were hardly decipherable.

And always he was beset by the difficulty of obtaining supplies. Day after day he was to be seen at the door of his kitchen waving his hands impotently above his head, calling down anathema upon the head of a grinning truck driver.

"No beef!" he would shriek. "But there must be beef! Is this not a rainy morning, with no news at all from the front, and Colonel Abelle dining elsewhere? It is. And on that day I must serve beef."

Only in one way could Théophile be placated. If the luckless purveyor of supplies said that a truck had broken down or a bridge been washed away, Théophile merely burst into fresh execrations. But if the driver explained his sins of omission on the ground that the enemy had shelled a stretch of road and made the bringing up of supplies impossible, Théophile changed his tune at once.

"Now may an apoplexy seize all Boches!" he would exclaim. "No matter, Auguste, you are forgiven. So! They think to ruin me, *hein? Mille tonneres*, I will be balked by no cursed Prussian! I will make a cow!"

Although the increasing complexity of his duties consequent upon the innumerable changes in the personnel of the staff was nearly driving him mad, all might still have gone well with Théophile had there not been transferred to the staff from a line regiment a certain Captain Douay, one of those unfortunate creatures who combine considerable military ability with an extremely disagreeable personality.

It chanced that he took his first meal with his new comrades on a Tuesday evening. On Tuesday evenings—unless careful scrutiny of his lists, the weather, and the state of the war convinced him that it might result in disaster—Théophile served a meal whose prevailing note was cheese. It was in everything on the table which could well contain it.

Now, if there was one thing on earth that Captain Douay abhorred with all his soul, it was cheese. He sampled one dish after another, and his disgust deepened. Finally, having manners which matched his personality, he spoke his mind loudly.

"Do you eat nothing but cheese?" he demanded; "or is your accursed cook minded to slaughter me with my first meal? The man must be mad. It's a wonder he hasn't flavored the coffee with the stuff!"

Théophile happened to be standing where he heard every word of Douay's outburst. He rushed into the kitchen, his eyes blazing, muttering curses under his breath, tested the edges of a row of cleavers, selected the keenest, and turned toward the *salle à manger*. At this moment Léon and Thomas restrained him.

"O for one moment of peace!" shouted the enraged Gelas; "that I might be merely a cook and not a soldier, and so free to slay that execrable pig!"

That evening, much cast down, he went into the solitude of the ruined garden and pondered long and deeply. At the end of a couple of solitary hours he reached certain conclusions.

"It is true," he confessed, "I have undertaken more than I can accomplish. I am the first of the house of Gelas who must admit to failure. I am desolated."

Followed another long period of hard thinking; then his face brightened.

"If I cannot do one thing," he decided, "I can at least do another. I cannot feed that staff under all conditions with that nice discrimination I had planned. My most accurate calculations may be upset by a beast like this Douay. Very well, let us see. This Douay is a captain whose specialty is wireless. Good! There is also Captain Sorel, whose specialty is wireless. Now Sorel is everything that Douay is not—a gentleman, a soldier, an epicure. Let Douay, who has endeavored to heap ignominy upon me, beware!"

He returned to the château with his mind made up. Without loss of time he took pains to discover those viands most dear to the stomach of the cheese-hating Douay, and saw to it that he had his fill of them. But into every dish that was served to the unpopular captain Théophile managed to introduce some element which, while tasteless and undetected, was evilly effective.

Captain Douay entered upon a period of protracted intestinal discomfort. It began as a mild distress which succeeded only in making him ill-tempered. Unused to illness, he did nothing to check it. It persisted, and he took measures to combat it. Useless! He became worried and uneasy, which simplified Théophile's task.

Finally he became really ill, and on the same day he chanced to see through an open door the countenance of Théophile observing him with a glare of baleful satisfaction. There recurred to the mind of Douay that matter of the Tuesday evening cheese, and a suspicion was born in his brain. Without delay he sought the brigadier himself.

"The cook," he declared, "is trying to poison me."

The brigadier was astounded.

"Théophile!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! There is not another like him in the army!"

"Nevertheless," persisted Douay, "he is trying to poison me," and he repeated the matter of the cheese, and the sight of Théophile's face as he had seen it framed in the doorway.

"I think you are wrong," declared the general. "But I will talk to Théophile."

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That morning the cook was summoned into his presence.

"Théophile," said the brigadier, "Captain Douay says that you are trying to poison him."

Théophile was taken by surprise, but he was not in the habit of lying, the brigadier was not a man to whom one told easily anything but the truth, and the cook believed that once his motives were explained he would be commended.

"I am, *mon général*," he answered, quietly.

"*What!*" shouted the brigadier.

"I can explain," promised Théophile.

The brigadier settled back rather limply into his chair.

"Do so," he urged.

It was not in Théophile's nature to neglect an opportunity for full and fluent speech. He gave the brigadier, not an explanation, but a veritable history of his services in the field, the thoughts and perplexities which had assailed him, the manner in which he had overcome his difficulties. It chanced that the general had a few moments of comparative leisure and was moved to listen. But very shortly he was compelled to seize and cover the lower part of his face with a firm hand.

"As it was manifestly impossible for me to do all that I had hoped," the voice of Théophile flowed smoothly on, "I set myself to do what was possible.

"My duty was to keep the members of the staff in the best of health, to make the staff an efficient instrument for service. It was obvious that this be—that Captain Douay was neither a credit to the staff nor of any value to its working. So I set about encompassing his removal."

"'*Cré diable!*" exclaimed the brigadier; "you might have killed him."

"*Pardon, mon général*," replied Théophile, "the captain was never for an instant in danger of death. Had I planned that, I could have destroyed him with a mouthful. But for such things I am too great a patriot. Under other circumstances Captain Douay might have been of service to France, so I spared him. But he was of no use to the brigade, and, knowing him to be the slave of his stomach, I was securing his transfer."

The general was forced to stroke his chin for some seconds before he could trust his voice.

"You admit, then, that you have done this thing—that you have no regrets?" he asked.

"How can I have regrets, *mon général?*" protested Théophile, "since I have done it simply because I am a soldier of France."

The brigadier rose abruptly from his desk, fairly fled to the window, and stood looking out, his back to the room. Several times he passed his hand over his face. Finally he turned around and spoke, and the cook observed with surprise that his face was quite crimson.

"Théophile," he said, "this matter must remain between you and me. I think that I understand the motives which have prompted your action, and I may say that in a way they are a credit to you. But, for all that, I think that I shall have you sent back to your company."

The face of the cook became the picture of woe.

"*M. le général* is dissatisfied?" he asked in trembling tones.

"Not at all," the brigadier said, hastily. "But the matter lies right here. It would be convenient if you were to be able to help me in determining the personnel of my staff. But, being a student of warfare, you will understand that such an arrangement would be subversive of discipline."

"Perfectly," said Théophile, solemnly; and once more the brigadier had recourse to that stroking and concealing hand.

"Furthermore," he resumed, "I believe that you will be able to devote more attention to your cooking if these other matters do not require so much of your attention. Several times lately the food has not been what it was. This morning, for instance, there was a distinct flavor of vanilla about the coffee."

Théophile smote his forehead.

"It is possible," he confessed, wretchedly. "I have been terribly troubled."

"Precisely," the brigadier agreed, hastily. "So I am determined to place you where you will not be so harassed and where, moreover, you will be able to render greater service."

Théophile straightened himself.

"I understand, *mon général*," he said, nobly. "I am prepared to make the sacrifice."

That same evening Théophile packed his kit preparatory to his return to the Tenth Company. Several members of the staff had sought him out and expressed concern over his departure. His spirits had soared, his soul expanded. When the moment came for him to take leave of his three assistants, he was perfect.

"I return," he said, gravely, "to the Tenth Company. It would be a pleasure to me to explain everything to you, for you have labored well according to your abilities. But this may not be. The matter is one of discipline, and is wholly between myself and *M. le Général*."

Then he shook each of them by the hand, shouldered his pack, and strode off toward the motor which was to convey him to the eager lines of the Tenth Company.

The three ex-dragoons stood and watched him until he was out of sight. In their faces were many emotions, but there predominated a vast respect.

"I do not know precisely what he is—that one," confessed Léon, "but it is a great pity that he is not at least a colonel."

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

The author of this vivid impression of the co-operation of Great Britain and America in the great war had spent barely eight weeks as an undergraduate at Oxford, when he was called to the army in March, 1917, at the age of eighteen. He is now a lieutenant of Infantry and has just finished an extensive tour of the United States with the British University Commission, acting as secretary to one of the members of that body, Dr. Arthur Everett Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. In an early issue of The Outlook we shall print an article by Dr. Shipley giving some account of undergraduate life in an English university both prior to and during the war.—The Editors.

O poète, il est dur que la nature humaine
Qui marche à pas comptés vers une fin certaine
Doive encore s'y trainer en portant une croix. —Alfred de Musset.[1]

On August 2, 1914, a sweltering day in one of the hottest summers we have had, I was watching a cricket match between my own public school, Marlborough, and our traditional rival, Rugby. It was played at Lords, the huge cricket field in the heart of London, and, looking at the brilliant crowd that thronged the paths, a carnival of moving color, it would have taken a very far-sighted man to say that here was a nation on the brink of the greatest war in history. I was then only fifteen, little interested in anybody except myself and my friends, paying scant attention to foreign politics. All I can remember in the nature of a foreboding was a cartoon in "Punch" representing Austria as a big eagle attacking a much smaller bird, Serbia, a procedure which appeared to me to be rather dirty work. However, all that any one said on the subject was, "O Lord, there's going to be another war in the Balkans! Why can't those people stop scrapping for a minute?" And then one turned back to talk about the Irish question, and the latest activities of the suffragettes, and what one was going to do in the holidays.

However, as the hours went by I began to become more interested. Here was certainly cause for excitement: Austria attacking Serbia, Russia backing up Serbia, France standing by Russia; and all the time, looming like a huge dark cloud in the background, Germany, whose very name during the last years had carried with it an atmosphere of suspicion in England. The fact that Europe was mobilizing had now thoroughly wakened England up from her peaceful summer

[1] These lines by de Musset we venture to translate as follows:

O poet, it is hard that Man,
Who plods with numbered steps towards an inexorable end,
While dragging his weary way under a heavy cross must bend.

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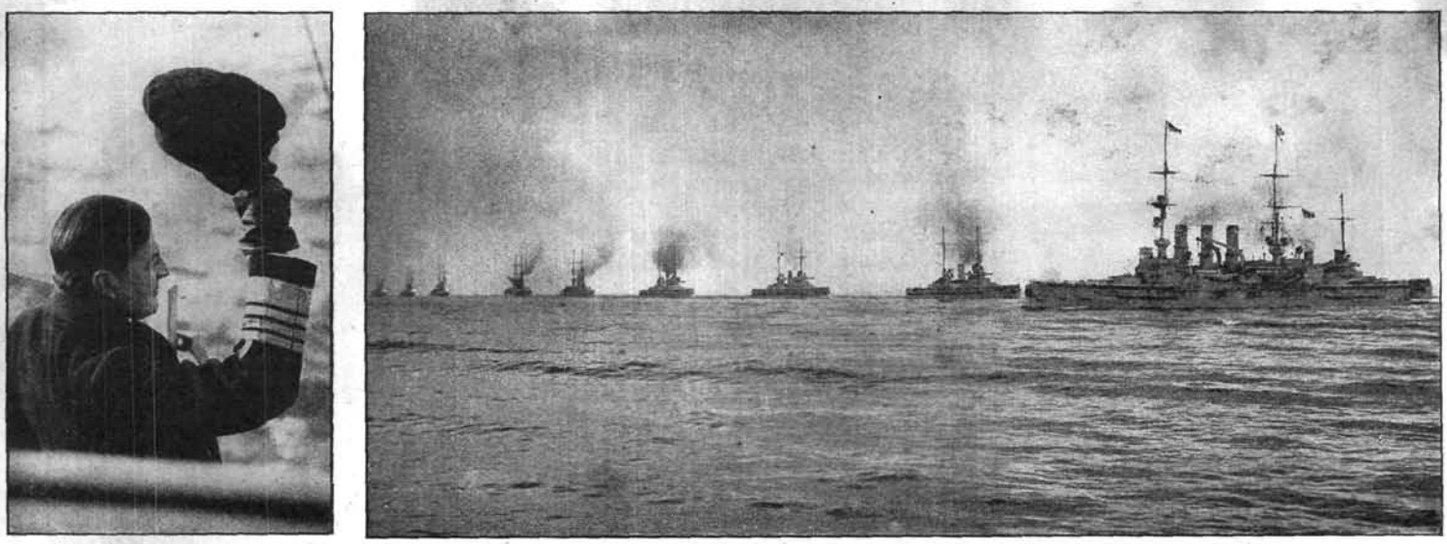
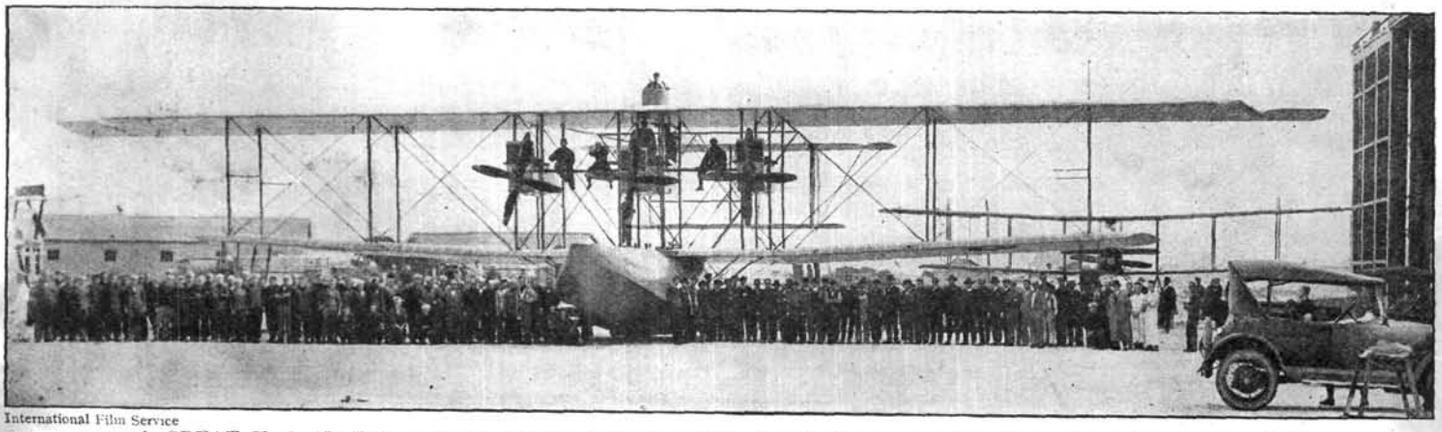


Central News Photo Service

ADMIRAL BEATTY, OF THE BRITISH NAVY, RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF THE GREAT GERMAN FLEET

(C) Underwood & Underwood

HOME AGAIN IN FRANCE—REFUGEES RETURNING FROM HOLLAND TO THEIR NATIVE VILLAGE



International Film Service

A GREAT U. S. NAVAL PLANE WHICH HAS CARRIED FIFTY PERSONS AND MAY CROSS THE ATLANTIC

This is reported to be the first American tri-motored seaplane; it is equipped with three Liberty motors. The flying weight of the machine is given as 22,000 pounds, and the weight of the plane itself, unloaded, as 13,000 pounds. It has a wing spread of 126 feet

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THE CHAOS IN GERMANY—CROWD BEFORE THE REICHSTAG BUILDING HEARING THE PROCLAMATION OF A REPUBLIC

This picture, taken in Berlin after the downfall of the Hohenzollerns, is one of the first photographs to show conditions after the armistice was signed

(C) International Film Service

HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN PEACE DELEGATION IN PARIS

This handsome building with the American flag flying over it was for some time the Paris headquarters of the American Red Cross. It is situated at the corner of the celebrated Place de la Concorde and the Rue Royale. It was once the residence of the Marquise de Coislin (1776) and has been occupied by the Cercle de la Rue Royale, one of the notable clubs of Paris

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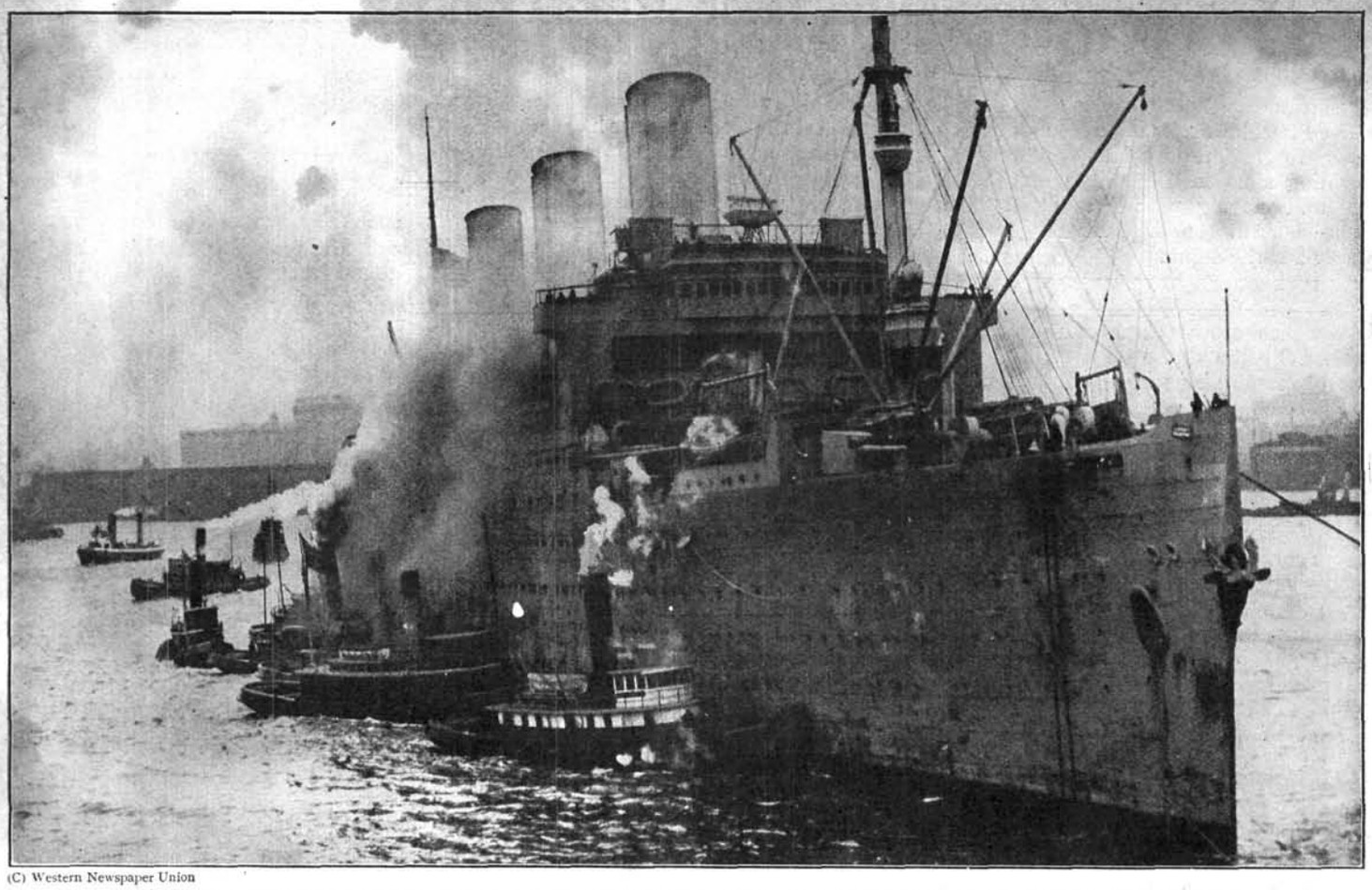

(C) Western Newspaper Union

THE U. S. TRANSPORT LEVIATHAN ARRIVING IN NEW YORK WITH NEARLY NINE THOUSAND SOLDIERS

This giant steamship, formerly the Vaterland of the Hamburg-American Line, has proved a valuable asset to the U. S. Government during the war. She has carried vast stores of war material and nearly 100,000 soldiers to the front. On her latest voyage she brought to the port of New York the largest number of passengers ever landed from any one vessel, it is announced

Central News Photo Service

TAKING CARE OF OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS AFTER THEY LAND IN NEW YORK

When these men disembarked from the Empress of Britain—they are members of the famous Twenty-seventh Division—they found the American Red Cross waiting for them with hot coffee and sandwiches. The Red Cross both welcomes the returning troops and watches over their welfare abroad

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dream; one seemed to hear already the distant sound of battle, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

And two days later it had come. I shall never forget on the night of August 4 standing alone in Piccadilly Circus, staring and staring with eyes moist with excitement at the huge headline on the paper I had bought:

ENGLAND AT WAR WITH GERMANY

The dense crowd of men and women drifted by like dumb things, silent and not understanding; now and then there would be cheers, a procession, flag waving, but these were times too deep for tears. For me the clash of petrol and patchouli, the green lights of the Criterion restaurant flickering down in silent criticism, the groups of men talking excitedly at the street corners, the women with their faces gibbering under the street lamps, all these were but fragments of a life that had turned in a few hours from carnival to kaleidoscope—a kaleidoscope in which life itself was the mirror and human beings the bits of colored glass.

And in the next few days we were indeed at war. The papers had passed from their brief moment of hysteria to the grim and sober attitude which was to carry us through four years of trial. From the conflicting memories of that first month it is hard to seize upon any one fact that stands out from the others; the people were full of rumors which received as much attention as the actual happenings. Should we win at once, or only after a few months? That we should win was of course taken for granted. We all felt that one Englishman was worth a dozen Germans; we had not realized that modern war was a hideous parody of the old chivalry—a war in which one man sat in a dugout and by pressing a button destroyed a hundred of his kind four miles away. And then—how should we manage about food? I remember that certain unpatriotic people, quite possibly of German birth, laid in huge stocks of food in the event of a siege, only to be forced to disgorge them to sarcastic inspectors of police a few weeks later. Those were strange days. Posters fluttered their bright red and green in the streets appealing for 500,000 men; the lights on the coast were suddenly extinguished, and we stumbled about in the pitch-darkness of early autumn nights; training camps sprang up all over the country, bringing an influx of youth into quiet little country towns; while the boys of England threw themselves headlong into the struggle, chafing at having to train for even a few days in Kitchener's Army. And all the time in the back of one's mind the guns of Flanders sang their ceaseless song of death.

It is doubtful whether America will ever realize the desolation of those next few years. Apart from the sinister rolls of honor that scowled sullenly from the pages of every newspaper, apart from the personal losses, there were so many little annoyances. Imagine four years without an automobile. Petrol was *verboten* even in the most minute quantities, and taxis seemed prehistoric. Four years with hardly a match! We all carried about with us our flints and steels, and, when we had scraped till there was no flint left, fluttered around the candles that were lit in the dim clubs of London to light one's war-time cigars, like moths round a star. And then food—figure to yourself the plight of a land in which the Queen lent her hand to pulling up the rose trees round Buckingham Palace and planting potatoes instead; in which the noblest old parks of England were plowed up and their trees cut down in a desperate endeavor to counteract the effect of the loss of thousands of tons that were daily going to the bottom of the sea. Yes, food was certainly scarce, and when one could get it it was only after going through many tedious processes. The coupon system was as tiresome as it was ubiquitous. It takes all true romance from a good dinner when, after ordering the best meal obtainable, one is forced to draw from one's pocket minute scraps of paper which are scrupulously perused by the waiter, as though one were a convict. All the flourish, the fine gesture, vanishes. But this was a small annoyance compared to the genuine privations of the poor. There are few more depressing sights than a food queue. It is not inspiring to be one of several hundreds of women standing on a cold, drizzly day in a sordid London street, waiting for hours, coupon in hand, for one's four ounces of margarine, especially when one may have been up—or rather down—all the night before sheltering from an air raid.

Those air raids got to be "a little too much of a good thing" after some time—they had to be taken into account in one's entertainments in the same way as the weather. Sometimes for several nights running London would be kept awake from soon after dinner till the small hours of the morning, listening to the alternate crashes of the guns and the sharp crack of the anti-aircraft, waking up to find shrapnel in its bath and its favorite cigarette shop in Piccadilly blown to pieces. However, the morale of the people was magnificent. I remember going to a theater in London one night, trusting that there would not be an air raid till I had heard a certain song. The first act went off very happily, but just as the orchestra was tuning up for the second we heard outside the theater the distant booming of the guns. People eyed one another suspiciously from over their programmes, wondering if it would be quite good taste to go. Apparently it was decided that it wouldn't, because every one stayed in spite of the fact that only a thin roof stood between the audience and eternity. The curtain went up and the leading lady came on and said, with a nervous little smile, that if the audience were willing to carry on, she was. They were, and when the crashes without absolutely drowned her voice we all rose and sang the chorus over and over again till it got quieter outside.

Throughout this war the Germans have been, if not fools, at any rate, asses. They thought that by bestiality of this sort they could quell the heart of a great people; they chose this way of trying to win the war when so many others were open to them. There are three distinct occasions on which any clear-sighted man must see that they threw their opportunities to the winds—August, 1914; April, 1915; and the early days of 1917. If Germany, instead of detaching, as she did, a considerable portion of her army to stem the flow of Russians into East Prussia, had struck with her whole deadly force at the line of the Allies staggering from Switzerland to the sea, there could have been little hope for Paris. At many times during that retreat there were gaps in the British and French lines, gaps which a more fully reinforced German army could hardly have failed to penetrate. It is now definitely known that more than once during the first few weeks the British and French armies were separated by a distance of over a mile. There was nothing between von Kluck and Paris. By some marvel that gap was not penetrated; thousands of Germans were hurried across to East Prussia, the line was strengthened and Paris was saved in the battle—the miracle—of the Marne.

But if they lost their opportunities in August, 1914, how much more did they lose them in April, 1915! In that month the Germans attacked on a front of about a mile with poison gas, the attack being delivered against the Canadians, and every man who came in contact with that gas lost his life. Now only suppose that in every fire-bay along their front line the Germans had installed a cylinder of chlorine, that they had waited till the wind was favorable, and had then let it off in a cloud of deadly yellow-gray over the parapets. The sober result of that would have been that every man in the British and French armies, being absolutely unprotected, would have been dead within an hour. Perhaps this was a crime too great even for Germany to contemplate; perhaps, as seems more likely, the Germans did not realize the force of the weapon which they possessed. In any case, the use of gas developed with sufficient lack of rapidity to enable us to get protection. At first men knocked the bottom out of a bottle, filled it with damp earth, and breathed through that; then they employed such devices as damp socks, which they placed over their mouths, pieces of gauze soaked in washing soda, goggles and nose clips to protect against tear and sneezing gas, and finally a definite helmet was introduced, of gray flannel soaked in phenolhexamine, and this was gradually improved till perfect protection was obtained. In this way not only were the armies of the Allies saved from destruction, but a positive advantage was gained, for the Germans had overlooked the fact that for two-thirds of the year the wind blows across Europe into their own disagreeable faces.

But it was by forcing America into the war that they made their third and greatest mistake.

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And "forcing" is the only word that can be used. America was left with no alternative. Even Bernstorff, as he left the country, smiled in his cynical way and said that he did not blame America for entering the war. But the people of England, although they knew that great things were being done over here, could not realize the enormous extent of America's preparations unless they had actually seen them, as I did, with their own eyes. After two years' service in the British army, I came out to America as Secretary to the head of the British University Mission, and, driving down Fifth Avenue on October 10, I saw at once that here was an atmosphere that was pregnant with the scent of victory itself. It was the same all over America; it was a revelation. America at war, the nation that some of us in our superficial way had regarded as a nation of materialists, showed herself as a nation that would not only live but die for an ideal. Everywhere plowshares were being beaten into swords; the enormous manufacture of aircraft, the city that had sprung up in a night at Hog Island, the armed camps that one met on every hand—all showed her determination; but what perhaps impressed me most were the thousands of vigorous young men that were training to take their part in the struggle. I had seen in my own battalion, in the summer of 1917, men with one eye, men with one arm, epileptics, men spitting blood, in the last stages of consumption, men who could not tell you their own names, imbeciles, dragged into the army and in some cases sent out to the front line. It was not callousness or carelessness on the part of the British medical authorities; it was sheer necessity. There was no one else left, and, for all we know, those poor maimed, half-witted creatures may have saved the world. But imagine what it was, coming from such a spectacle, to see filing past in their thousands the glorious young manhood of the United States, and hearing in "Over There" the same will to victory that first echoed four years ago as the first thousands of Kitchener's Army sang "Tipperary" as they marched through the rain down the gray crowded streets of London. It seemed to bring a new hope, a new spirit; but again it was not new, it was the old spirit that had shone out in the retreat from Mons and had flamed like a beacon to the world in the battle of the Marne.

It had taken a long time to bring about, but, once in the war, there was an end to all delay for America. The other day, in a library at Harvard, I was reading a dusty old folio of "King Henry IV," and came across this passage:

> "Never such a power
> For any preparation
> Was levied in the body of a land,
> For when you should be told 'They do prepare,'
> The tidings come that they are all arrived."

And arrived they are, for not only the cry, "*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*," World Power or Downfall, but the future of the world, was settled once and for all when on the fields of France the Star-Spangled Banner flew to victory side by side with the standards of St. Denis and St. George.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN RHYMES

BY ANN COBB

OF THE SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

A MOUNTAIN SEAMAN

Allus-ago I yearned to view the sea.
Maw had a sight of old song-ballads for
To sing us young-uns, picking out the tunes
On her old dulcimore. The one I liked
Was that that told about the Old Salt Sea,
And Ships A-Sail, and Wonders of the Deep.

At school I had no call to hate my books;
The master let us larn the things we craved
Ef we sot still and never pestered him.
I tuck a fancy to geography,
All full of sea,—whirlpools and reefs and tides,
Breakers and spouting rocks and far lagoons.

And when a prize—the chromo of a wave,
A love-lie, lifted, silvery-green wave—
Was give, I got hit, pinned hit to a log
'Longside my bed, and then I'd lay and dream,
Dream I was clinging to hit's billowy mane,
Or diving through to wonderment below.

Then come the war; and Floyd and Gabe and Jeff
Went army-ways the day we heared the news.
Me too (I'd pass for eighteen anywheres).
But on the way we parted company.
My heart was set to be a seaman. So
We said far'well, to meet again in France.

Well, now the training's done, and I'm afloat,
With time to set and watch the lines of foam,
And all the colors in the sun-ball's trail.
The fellers devil me a lot, and say
I'd best be studying about the Huns.
I'll fight all right, come fighting time,—hit's in
The blood of all us mountain men to fight.
But why sulk round and hate, when there's the Sea?

OLD CHRISTMAS EVE

(NIGHT OF JANUARY 5)[1]

The elder bush is all abloom,
The cattle kneel and low,
And Christian men are praying now
The prayers of long ago.

What lads is left have quit the ways
They follered all the week,
A-drinking liquor fast and free,
And shooting up the creek.

For, spite of all their devilment,
They keep Old Christmas true,
A-setting sober round the fire,
Just like us old uns do.

Old Christmas gives a body hairt
To bide these changing days.
Hit mought be, folks yon side the sea
Still foller ancient ways;

Hit mought be, in the land of France,
Our lads are kneeling low,
And praying with their English kin
The prayers of long ago.

[1] In the Kentucky mountains January 6 is still celebrated as Christmas. The old folks say: "Old Christmas Eve at midnight the cows kneel down and low and pray, and the elder-stalks put out a head of blossom—anybody can see that'll stay up to look." Which proves that Old Christmas, not New Christmas, is real Christmas."

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of December 25, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Germany to the Bar.
Reference: Editorial, page 656.
Questions:

1. One writer tells us that there has been no actual "revolution" in Germany. Give possible explanations. What is a political revolution? 2. What are the conditions in Germany as shown by this editorial? 3. What leads The Outlook to the conclusion that "Germany is at the bar"? 4. The Outlook believes that unless the German people come to realize the wickedness and the injustice of their war record they cannot "hope to feel their way toward real democracy." What is your opinion of this? Upon what is real democracy founded? 5. Do you think that the mind of the German people remains unchanged? Discuss, supplying proof. 6. Tell, with reasons, how long you believe the military forces of the Allies should remain in Germany. 7. How do you explain that the Germans complain of the harshness of the armistice terms and at the same time ignore the more than four years of martyrdom and injustice inflicted by them on Belgium and northern France? 8. Read these books: "The Crime," by a German (Doran); "The Cradle of the War," by H. C. Woods (Little, Brown)

B. Topic: President Wilson in Europe.
Reference: Page 649.
Questions:

1. Describe how President Wilson has been received abroad. What is your explanation of this reception? 2. What, in your opinion, is the duty of our Congress and the American people toward President Wilson's peace efforts while he is at the Conference? Reasons. 3. What do you think President Wilson's peace policy is? Discuss this question at length, giving reasons why some do and others do not support it. 4. Do you know what the President intends to say about the freedom of the seas and the League of Nations? Ought the American people to have known before the President left the measures he intends to recommend at the Peace Conference? 5. How do you interpret the character and motives of President Wilson? Can you make an *impartial* analysis in answering this question? 6. Read "Woodrow Wilson," by A. M. Low (Little, Brown), and "The Foreign Policy of Woodrow Wilson," by Robinson and West (Macmillan).

C. Topic: On the Eve of the Great Surrender.
Reference: Pages 659–661.
Questions:

1. Describe in your own words the two pictures drawn by Mr. Abbott. 2. Discuss the significance of these. 3. What, according to Mr. Abbott, are the things and the tasks that lie on the minds of the British people? What is our relation and duty toward these? 4. What advice does Mr. Abbott offer to America? Discuss whether it is sound. 5. "The People's Part in Peace," by Ordway Tead (Holt), is a good book to read.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Government Ownership of Railways and Telegraphs.
Reference: Pages 650, 651.
Questions:

1. The Outlook believes that there should be Government ownership and operation of our telegraph system. Why? 2. Discuss whether there is room for difference of opinion on this question. 3. How do you answer The Outlook's question: "Is it not the part of both wisdom and patriotism to accept Mr. McAdoo's suggestion?" 4. Name and discuss some objections to Government ownership of railways and telegraphs.

B. Topic: Peace and Paternalism.
Reference: Pages 663, 664.
Questions:

1. Explain the meaning of paternalism. 2. Mr. Maxwell says, "The immediate future of labor is probably the pith of the problem." What problem is he speaking of in this connection? Why does he think the future of labor is the pith of it? 3. How does Mr. Maxwell believe labor should be handled during the first year of peace? Give several reasons why you agree or disagree with him. 4. Explain what is meant by "maintaining wages on a parity with the cost of living." How, in your opinion, can this be done? 5. What is *the* function of the Federal Government? Name other functions. 6. Read these two very valuable books: "National Self-Government," by Ramsay Muir (Henry Holt), and "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Self-government is essential to freedom, order, and justice. 2. Government should not interfere with individual initiative. 3. Democracy is government by discussion and agreement.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for December 25, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Elucidation, apothegm, inscrutable (656); illicit, visage (649); Sinn Feiners, inexorable, implacable (659); strategy, actuate (663); abnegation, underwrite, subsidy, enigma (664).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Echoes of the War. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Barrie's plays read as well as they act. Nothing could be more whimsical or more touching than the little play here included called "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Others of the stories and sketches are almost equally appealing.

Helen of Troy and Rose. By Phyllis Bottome. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.35.

Two short novels in one volume. Both are delicately wrought as to literary art and both please and interest, although they do not stir or excite.

Prestons (The). By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

A highly diverting study in fiction of boy life and character. "Jimmy" might have been Mr. Booth Tarkington's boy in "Seventeen" at a younger and less self-conscious age. Incidentally, the trials and patience of a typical American mother are recorded with acuteness of perception and kindly appreciation. The story is one which will surely be widely read.

Walking Shadows. Sea Tales and Others. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Noyes shows, and not for the first time, that the imaginative and descriptive qualities of a poet may be exercised with almost equal attractiveness in prose sketches. This book of sea tales relating to the war has literary quality, and, needless to say, is imbued with patriotic ardor.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys. By A. Neely Hall. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

This is a practical and thorough guide to boys' activities in handicrafts. It tells boys how to use their home work-bench to make bobsleds, submarines, gifts in wood, and many other things. Scores of diagrams and pictures make methods and work clear to the eye and the understanding. The book is one of the best we have ever seen of its class.

Mother's Nursery Tales. Told and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

One of the most beautifully illustrated of the holiday season's books for children. Its art character will appeal to the mature taste also. It is not confined in its suitability as a present to any one time or season.

Teaching the Child Patriotism. By Kate Upson Clark. The Page Company, Boston.

As the title indicates, this simply and clearly written book is designed to put before the child the ideals and meaning of the great truths of patriotism, democracy, and responsibility in political life. It is commendable in design and instructive in its methods.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Alsace-Lorraine. Described and Pictured by George Wharton Edwards. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $6.

Whether with pen or with pencil, Mr. George Wharton Edwards always produces something worth while. The present portly volume is of course no exception. Its subject will attract men and women, and especially those who have ever visited Alsace-Lorraine, and particularly the Vosges, its delightful mountain-land. Both in text and

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The New Books (Continued)

especially in its monochrome and full color illustration this book is commendable.

Highways and Byways of Florida. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

One misses the fine photographs supplied by Mr. Johnson's own camera in his previous "Highways and Byways" volumes. He explains: "I walked out on a wharf at a Gulf port in quest of camera material and soon found myself arrested as a suspected German spy. For two days and a night I was behind prison bars. I decided to gather the illustrations in other ways." The book is somewhat less personal than Mr. Johnson's other books, and therefore less alluring, but it is nevertheless very readable.

Zigzagging. By Isabel Anderson, Litt.D. (Mrs. Larz Anderson). Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

"When I went to the publisher," says the author, "he asked, 'What new points have you got on the war?'" This book is the answer, and the reader of it will, we are quite sure, agree with the publisher that the book was worth accepting. Its author possesses a bright and lively style; her book is the record of interesting and somewhat exceptional experiences, and her personality, as indicated by her portrait, makes one believe that her "zigzagging" was abundantly helpful to the cause.

WAR BOOKS

America in France. By Major Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

Major Palmer's long experience as a war correspondent and an agreeable writer would in itself make him eminently fitted to tell the story of American effort in France in popular form. To this qualification he adds that of his experience as a staff officer and his special and authoritative knowledge of what was going on both in the camps and in headquarters. This is one of the books about the war of which it may be said positively that it has a permanent value, for its appeal is not merely to the tactician or the military student, but to every American. It nearly brings the story of the war down to the armistice, for it briefly tells of the American Army's work in the Argonne section. No doubt future editions will contain a concluding chapter which will make the book final and comprehensive.

Unchained Russia. By Charles Edward Russell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

This book is interesting and valuable because it is written by one who is in thorough sympathy with Socialistic democracy. The author was the Socialist candidate for Governor of the State of New York in 1910, and again in 1912. He was one of the delegation which the President appointed to visit Russia after the overthrow of the Czar, and writes therefore of scenes and incidents which he himself witnessed. The incidents narrated are interesting, the style is vivid, and the capital defect in Russian democracy is brought out, to our thinking, all the more clearly because Mr. Russell sympathizes with the democracy and does not discern, while he describes, the defect. Thus we are told that the National Council, which supposedly represented the Russian people, "might consistently have advertised, 'No lawyers need apply.' Also, no business men, employers, captains of industry, or members of the better classes, for none of these had great representation in its membership." The democracy which Mr. Russell admires is not democracy at all. It is the substitution of rule by one class for rule by another class.

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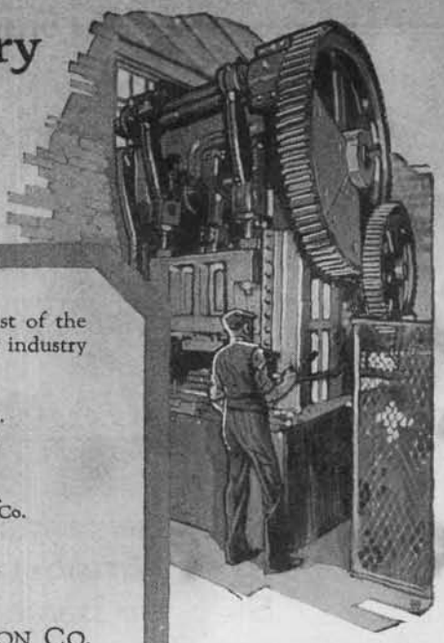

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

As many of our readers know, Mr. Ervine is the author of "Mrs. Martin's Man," "Changing Winds," and other novels of English and Irish life which have met with high approval by critics and the public.—THE EDITORS.

When we first heard that the American soldiers were in France, there was a great deal of curiosity, mingled with some perturbation, about them among the British soldiers. We had the professional curiosity of the soldier to see of what stuff this new body of fighting men was made. We were anxious, too, to see how they would bear themselves in the trenches, under shell fire, in attack, and in defense. They would come to the war very fresh and fit and with something of the romance and eagerness for adventure with which our men had entered the war; we wondered how they would carry themselves when they had sustained the first shocks of reality. I remember, after the great retreat last March, waiting in Boulogne for a train to take me up the line, and while I waited I saw battalions of young soldiers from England moving from the transports to the rest camps outside the town. Most of them were lads, new to France, and they were very gay as they marched out of the town. When one heard them singing and shouting and laughing, one imagined that time had turned back and that we were in the brave days of 1914 again.

"They'll do damn little singin' when they get up the line," I heard an old soldier saying as he watched the boys go by.

Something of that old soldier's mood was in all of us in France when we heard that the Americans had landed and might at any moment appear in the line. How would they comport themselves? *We* knew what the war was like, but they had only read about it, and we knew that the difference between the two knowledges was tremendous. We knew, too, that it is impossible to prophesy how men will bear the shock of shelling and fighting. I have seen men who seemed likely to be of the heroic build behave uncommonly like cravens in time of danger, shrivel from fine, stalwart, assertive men into shuddering, reluctant, and very, very cautious men; and I have seen men who seemed to be timorous, scared things fight like heroes of romance. Human nerve is a queer, contrary thing that supports you or lets you down in very unexpected ways, and no one will venture, after war experience, to say who is likely to prove to be heroic and who is likely to prove to be afraid. The man who is afraid to-day may prove to be to-morrow's hero.

Our perturbation was not concerned with the question of the heroism of the American troops—it was concerned with their vanity. We had been brought up in the tradition that the American is a vainglorious man who regards his country as the only country in the world, and brags incessantly of his own achievements and of the achievements of his fellow-countrymen. We had a fear that he would bounce into our trenches and tell us that he was coming "to win this damned war" for us because we were unable to win it ourselves. We thought that he would be too conceited to take tips from us, that he would be loud-voiced, boastful, inconsiderate, and offensive in his manner, and, from a military point of view, imprudent and hasty. We imagined that he would wish to conduct the war in the manner of a boy's story, with

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The American Soldier (Continued)

lots of dash and splutter and magnificent charges from which, of course, the Boche would stagger back, broken, confused, and defeated.

Well, our imaginations were vain things. The American soldiers came, and we liked them. They were fine, healthy-looking, resolute men, with the self-confidence of men who know what they can do and are determined to do it. They astonished us by their modesty. I do not mean to suggest that there were not any American soldiers who bragged—there probably were, although I never met any—but I do mean to suggest that the very great majority of them were men of quiet demeanor who made few assertions, but who asked a great many questions. I am not sure that their inquisitiveness did not astonish us more than their modesty. They were always making inquiries—they even carried note-books in which they jotted down our answers to their questions—and they manifested a desire to know all that there was to know. There was no attempt to teach us how to do the job; there was, on the contrary, a great anxiety to be taught.

It became a common sight to see American officers in our trenches gathering information. In my battalion we had two American doctors in succession as M. O.'s, and they were liked not only by the officers of the battalion but also by the men. Rumors began to run about the trenches of the way in which the Americans were testing this and testing that, comparing our gas respirator with the French one, accepting this idea from us and that idea from the French, and perhaps another idea from the captured Boche. And training! In no place in the world are so many rumors born and spread as in the trenches; and after a while the stories of the way in which the Americans trained became legendary in character. And a most extraordinary change in our attitude towards them took place. Imagining that they would be full of boasts, we had prepared to deprecate them; finding that they were modest and determined, we actually took to boasting in their behalf; and our favorite expression was, "The Yanks 'll put the wind up Jerry when they get at him!" With swift unanimity we decided that the Americans were taking the war seriously.

By this time a great many units of the American Army had been under fire for lengthy periods. They know now what the war is like, and do not need to come into our trenches for tips and advice; they can afford to give advice to others; and we who watched them as they learned their job are sure that they are applying the knowledge they picked up with great effect and to great purpose.

East Devonshire, England,
November 1, 1918.

Probably the most familiar poem about Christmas—to American children, at least—is that which begins

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

The author of this poem, Clement C. Moore, lies buried in Trinity Cemetery, at Broadway and 155th Street, New York City. On Christmas Eve a thousand children paid loving homage to him and to many others who knew the Christmas spirit by decorating the graves in this cemetery—a kindly tribute to the dead that might well become a custom here and elsewhere.

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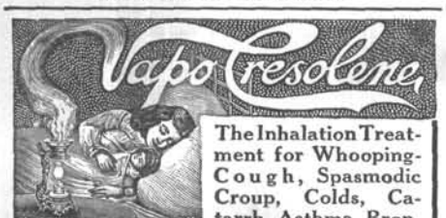

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

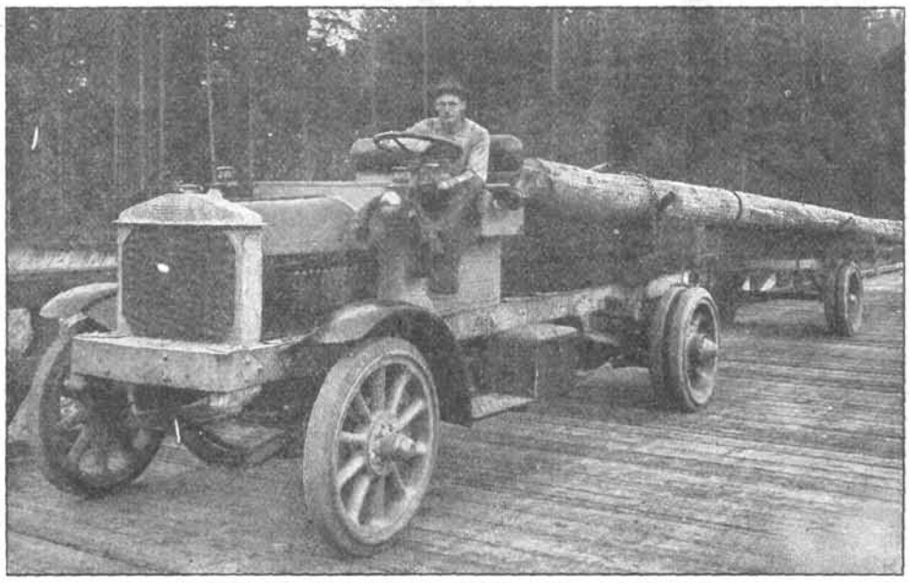
Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

ROAD-MAKING IN THE SOUTH

Good roads are no longer the dream of the motorist. They are a National necessity. In France the roads have been a big help in the successful defense of the Allies. In America the few good roads we had have helped wonderfully in the organization, marshaling, and maintenance of our forces—not only the forces at the front, but those in the factories back of the men in the trenches. A large percentage of the roads of America are paved with good intentions only, but the executives of our Nation have so far realized the necessity of making and maintaining good roads that this work has been given priority rights as to labor and materials to a great extent. Within the last several years the Southern States, particularly Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas, have rushed work upon their roads. Motor trucks have here played a conspicuous part both in the making and the maintaining of the roads. The Cumberland County Road Commissioners in North Carolina, for example, have been very busy for the last several years on the roads in that county. In the work of making and maintaining good roads a 3½-ton truck carried capacity loads of sand, gravel, and cement, and hauled a bottom-dump trailer of equal capacity, also hauling a big road-scraper when needed. This truck is shown in the photograph below.

When the Government placed a new artillery cantonment at Fayetteville in Cumberland County, the Commissioners ordered three more trucks to handle work in that vicinity. Motor trucks are a real necessity in the building and maintaining of good roads upon which the motor-truck transportation fleets can operate more efficiently and economically.

We give two other illustrations on this page showing the employment of motor trucks in hauling large loads of lumber; one in operation in the State of Washington and one in Honolulu.



HAULING TELEGRAPH POLES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

IMPROVING AN IMPORTANT HIGHWAY

Last winter thousands of trucks started from Detroit on their own wheels to the seaboard. Probably the most conspicuous piece of unimproved road in the whole trip was the fourteen miles in Monroe County, Michigan, or the section between the end of the Wayne County cement roads and the improved highway from Monroe to Toledo.

This fourteen miles of highway has just been improved with an eighteen-foot cement roadway with four feet of macadam each side, costing $600,000, which has been completed and turned over by the State of Michigan to the War Department.

For three and one-half years various interests in Detroit and Toledo, and more recently the Government transport interests, have been endeavoring to have this road built so that the immense tonnage going over it would not be delayed.

It is not presuming too much to say that from now on the daily tonnage of freight over this highway will reach the five hundred mark, or one million pounds per day. At this rate there will be hauled over this highway from Detroit to Toledo in a year a total of 150,000 tons. This amount of freight would fill to capacity a total of 7,500 freight cars—fifty thousand pounds capacity each. Figuring one hundred carloads to the train, it would take seventy-five train-loads, or a single line of cars stretched from Detroit to Toledo and beyond, to carry this freight.

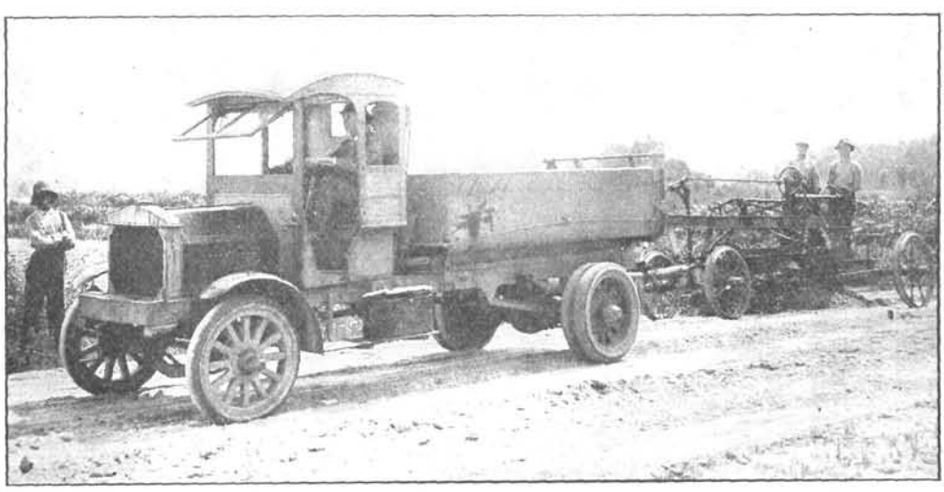
Last winter when severe storms piled up the snow from five to fifteen feet deep this stretch of road was almost impassable. The snow was left where it lay in the middle of the road, and the truckmen were forced to shovel it out themselves or go up over the drifts, many times getting mired, holding up traffic for half a day at a time. It is to be hoped that this new road will be kept free of the impassable drifts this winter.

This stretch of road is a link in the famous Dixie Highway, and it will be a source of great satisfaction to the automobile interests as well as the Government and the overland truck trains that this most important piece of roadway is now improved.

The ceremony of the opening of the highway was participated in by Government officials, the Michigan State Highway Commissioner, and the Mayors of Detroit, Monroe, and Toledo.

This is but one instance of what is being done to improve bad stretches of road and to link up an extensive system of intersectional highways.

(Material and photographs by courtesy of the Federal Motor Truck Company, Detroit, Michigan.)



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Domestic Insolvency

An anonymous story of a young couple who rose from insolvency to independence

By June's Husband

JUNE and I were married about six months before the Kaiser began making vicious passes at civilization. It was abou' the middle of August before I knew there was a war in the world, and when I told June about it she said she had heard rumors but that she hadn't mentioned them for fear they might upset me. That's how happy we were.

Every Saturday night I'd take the old pay envelope home and toss it on the dining-room table. It made a noise like the fall of the Bastile to us two babes in the matrimonial woods, but before Monday morning there wasn't enough left to allow for a three-cent raise in the price of sugar.

So by easy stages we drifted into domestic insolvency. At the end of the first year about all we had in the world was a five-room apartment, a landlord, a hatful of unpaid bills and two immortal souls—and another immortal soul on the way.

When June told me the glad news about that impending event, I was so happy I wanted to go out and pull a traffic policeman off his horse. The policeman was saved from peril, however, by June's subsequent remarks.

"We haven't anything laid by," she said, "not only that, but we are terribly in debt. I've just a dollar in change and the agent was here this morning for the rent."

I cracked the old wheeze about our having our health, but it didn't get across. It just laid there, and I swallowed a lump as big as a golf ball.

Well, the long and the short of it was that we drew up a beautiful set of resolutions. We were to clothe ourselves in sackcloth and eat ashes until "Received Payment" had pushed "Please Remit" off the stoop. We retired satisfied but unhappy.

It wasn't long before we discovered that even the finest burlap sacking leaves much to be desired and chafes the skin—so we gradually resumed our accustomed raiment. As for ashes, they are neither nourishing nor palatable.

But in spite of everything we kept right on loving each other a whole lot that second year, though I will state that romance almost withered in the atmosphere created by the scent of onions cooking on the poor-house stove. Will Carleton caused me a lot of worry when he wrote, "Over the Hills to the Poor House."

In due course, we were in receipt of a small, red male baby. He arrived without baggage and found "Welcome" scribbled all over the place. But after I got through settling up, I was a proud and happy father by day, and a humbled and sleepless debtor by night.

We had great plans for that boy's ultimate future, I can tell you, but we couldn't scratch out a plan for his parents' immediate present. His inheritance was likely to consist of one large hungry wolf that perpetually hung around our front door. I don't mean that we were poor—the kind of poor that societies are formed for the improvement of. I was drawing down fifty-eight a week then. But we were the kind of poor that had to spend our income to conceal the fact that we were on the rocks. It was like robbing Peter of nineteen dollars to buy Paul a two-hundred-dollar fur overcoat.

And let him who has an income of from $3,000 to $5,000 a year and is running his domestic affairs at a handsome profit hurl the first brick.

Well, we might have been coasting yet were it not for the fact that when June pays a quarter for a magazine she reads it from Harrison Fisher to Eastman Kodak.

One evening she handed me The Outlook and pointed out an advertisement of Woolson's Economy Book.

I read it all the way through, and the party it told about was sure me. I disremember the gentleman's name, but it seems that his family was once as far gone as ours was. He and his wife gave the Economy Book a whirl—found that it was easy and simple to operate, and in a couple of months they had not only greased the palms of their creditors with considerable silver, but they had money in the bank. The book cost two dollars, exactly the same amount I had spent for lunch that day.

"Well," I said to June, "this looks like salvation. Two dollars is a reasonable price for dragging a human family out of a deep shell hole. Let's send for it."

And we did.

The night the book arrived, June and I started right in to foreclose on Old Man Deficit. We figured until one o'clock in the morning with the aid of the Economy Book and a short lead pencil. We laid out a plan of campaign that would make General Foch look like a Rookie. We knew, for the first time in our matrimonial career, how much we owed, how much we could live on well and comfortably, and, at the same time, clean the slate. We doped it out that before another six weeks had passed down the long, dark corridor of history, we would be unshackled and have at least two hundred dollars in the vaults of some good, reliable bank.

Before we turned in, we stood over the baby's crib, and for the first time little Henry looked like a future President of the United States.

And believe me it worked—all but the President of the U. S. stuff which is still a long time off.

That was two years ago, and at this minute I can write my check for a thousand dollars—only I won't.

The Economy Book is still in operation. We call it the fourth member of our family. When it comes time to pay my income tax next year I won't have to keep Uncle Samuel waiting for his money and I won't have to borrow it either—thanks to the Economy Book. And if business takes me from home, I can leave June and the youngster with the assurance that she knows how to make every dollar deliver one hundred cents' worth of efficiency. And June looks more charming when she's biting the end off a soft lead pencil, working over the Economy Book, than she ever looked behind an armful of roses.

My personal observation is that it is no trick whatever to glide gently and swiftly into domestic insolvency—but to regain the heights without assistance requires something more than a couple of good resolutions and a lot of self-denial. It needs the services of an expert—and that is where George B. Woolson comes in.

Today every man and woman should spend his income intelligently. There can be no argument about this fact. This nation, to win the war, had to conserve. You cannot practice economy by simply being willing to do so. Woolson's Economy Expense Book will absolutely, and in the best and simplest way keep an account of your income and expenses. By it, you can compare every type of expense by weeks, months, and years. You can lay out a budget which will guide you surely and certainly to a proper use of your income.

In the front of the book are many ideas on the saving of money. Budgets founded on practical experience are supplied. You can draw up a budget for yourself, after a study of those which other people have used.

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